

ZION'S HERALD

Published by the Boston Wesleyan Association, for the New England Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

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BOSTON, DECEMBER 28, 1871.

Established January, 1823.
Volume—48. No. 52.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

JUST ONE WORD WITH YOU.—The time for renewals of subscriptions draws near. Our brethren will be glad to learn that our experiment of an enlargement in a new and costly form has succeeded in weathering the point of financial success. The three agents who have been connected with this improvement, and who have ably assisted in its development, alike rejoice over this result. We now want our ministers and members to coöperate heartily by purse and personal effort, and we shall put the *HERALD* far in advance of its present status. Our programme for the next year will give increased attention to religious, and no less attention to Christian reform, which is itself religion. We already possess one of the ablest corps of writers on personal religion in the Church or land. Some of their essays are copied freely by the press. We published the last year powerful experiences from one of our brethren that have attracted wide attention. We hope to publish frequent articles from his pen, and from others like endowed, of all varieties of the same blessed experiences, the universal gift to the believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. We are also promised sermons from distinguished preachers. Rev. Mr. Murray and Rev. Dr. Fulton have promised such contributions, besides a number of able brethren of our own communion. Our budget of stories for children and others is large, and a great variety of entertaining and profitable reading is already secured. We have correspondents active in gathering items, who will keep the news department of our churches fresh and full. Will all our ministerial brethren now give us a helping hand? What you do, do quickly. Don't let this month pass without adding many to our list, and keeping all we have now. By the help of the Lord, we hope to make the next year, if possible, the best the *HERALD* has ever known. It shall be earnest for Christ, urgent to sinners and Christians to sink deep into His fullness, active in every line, up with the times, and ahead of them, as the Church and its *HERALD* should be, leading to heaven, as well as pointing the way. Help your paper, all of you, the oldest, worthiest, most beautiful of our weeklies. Push the column, now. Begin Christmas day, and rest not until you have put it into all your churches, into all the families in the neighborhood. A strong pull, a long pull of thirty days, and a pull altogether. Now.

A SPECIAL PREMIUM.—We have already offered our preachers inducements to get new subscribers, superior to almost every other journal. We will allow them their usual rates, in any book published by the Book Concern, or Lee & Shepard, at one half their retail prices.

This list comprises hymn-books, Bibles, the works of Pressensé, Hurst, Whedon, Butler's rare work on India, Thompson's and Kingsley's Travels, Prof. Townsend's works, Oliver Optic's, Sumner, Phillips, etc. In addition to this rare opportunity, we will give the new American edition of Tyerman's Wesley, published by Harpers, for six new subscribers and fifteen dollars. This is the famous life so much talked about lately, of which several hundred copies of the English edition have been already sold in this country. It is written by Rev. Luke Tyerman, is full of fresh matter never before published, gives a picture of the persecutions of Wesley from the papers and pamphlets of the time, and tells much before unknown about his private life. It is exceedingly entertaining. It contains several photographs of him at different periods of his life. Rev. Dr. Stevens has added notes, correcting the writer's mistakes about Wesley's relation to the Methodist Episcopal Church. The English edition is three volumes octavo, price twelve dollars. The American edition is three volumes octavo,

costing seven dollars and fifty cents. We will give it for six new subscribers and fifteen dollars, or twelve renewals and thirty dollars. This is the **BEST PREMIUM OF THE SEASON.** Go to work for it immediately, all who want the Life of Wesley.

CONSECRATION—ITS BLESSEDNESS.—There is a happiness belonging to the young convert surpassing all former experience. Peace of conscience, a sense of forgiveness of sins, delight in the service of Christ, desire to please and honor God are its characteristics. These are bestowed on the penitent believer, and he becomes a child of God. He is a babe in Christ. A child has all the features of a man; all the powers of manhood are there, but to be developed and matured. Every fruit of the Spirit, every Christian trait and virtue is found in the love of God, shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost given unto us. They are to be developed, improved, strengthened, and matured, till we attain the fullness of the stature of a perfect man in Christ.

The peace, as a river, small in its beginning, asking leave of every bog and hillock to pass, becomes deeper and broader, and flows on with increasing force, overcoming every obstacle, till it loses itself in the great ocean. The love to Christ is more ardent and constant, till the whole soul is drawn out in earnest devotion to the Saviour, and the one prevailing desire is to Him, and the remembrance of His name.

The joy of the soul is more abiding, and becomes a joy unspeakable and full of glory, language failing to express the deep experience of the adult Christian. There is a rest of the soul in God when there is a consciousness that He has our undivided affections, that He dwells in our hearts by faith. Patience has its perfect work; our will is in perfect accord with the Divine will; the love of God perfected in us, and our love made perfect, that we may have holdness in the Day of Judgment, because as Christ is, so are we in this world.

Then we know the blessedness of the communion and fellowship of the Holy Ghost. How precious to us the society of an intimate friend! What then the fulfillment of that declaration and promise, "If a man love me he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him,"—a permanent dwelling-place. Our hearts become the habitation of God through the Spirit. In communing with Him, He communicates to us His nature, His holiness, and His love.

This pure and exalted happiness is perfect, filling the soul. It is retained in the exercise of a simple, child-like trust in Christ, so that we may rejoice evermore, while we can say, as did Paul, "The life I live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

A POLYGON PAPACY.—Strange things are just now transpiring in Mexico, the Romish hierarchy who, in Europe, are excommunicating with the most rancorous anathemas every person suspected of the slightest leaning towards liberal sentiments, are denouncing the conservatism of the government of Juarez, the distinguished leader of the Liberal party, and in the name of Liberty, are fomenting a revolution against him. Juarez has protected the Protestants, and tolerated the Free Masons; therefore, the mob gotten up by the "Sociedad Catolica," rally to the war-cry of "Death to the Free Masons," "Death to the Protestants." These Christian missionaries proclaim from the pulpit the old doctrine of their Church, "Whoever kills a Protestant, goes straight to heaven after death." Their fanatical followers, faithful to these teachings, are burning and plundering and slaughtering in every direction. The house of a Protestant named Segovia was broken

into by a fiendish horde who quickly gashed him from head to feet with knives, chopped him with a hatchet, dragged him about the streets like a log, and left him for dead; but not until after they had torn his little boy from his mother's arms, and forced the child to look upon his father as he lay weltering in his gore.

Who will explain for us this wonderful phenomenon; that Romanism, which on one side of the Rio Grande is gentle as the cooing dove, and harmless as the sportive lamb, should, on the other side, be malignant as an Anaconda, and blood-thirsty as a tiger?

The Communists had a memorial funeral parade in New York last Sunday week, over Gen. Russell, of Paris, and his associates, cruelly shot by Thiers. The parade on Sunday hurt their cause as much as the funeral procession itself did it good. Why should these friends of humanity, pure and simple (humanity not the friends), desire to embarrass their cause with this insult to the holy day? They might have pleaded that no day was so good for a solemn weeping over martyred patriots as the day of the Lord. But that they would not plead, for they do not believe in the day of the Lord; and it was more to mourn the day than to honor the dead that they got up their procession.

One of the banners bore the inscription, "And they had all things in common." They failed to remember that that community of goods, did not include, as some of these dreamers dream, a community of persons, and that it was based entirely on faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and renewal of heart through His blood; that it included prayer, preaching of the Word, the Holy Sacrament, baptism, and the Lord's day. It was, in fine, the Christian Church. This Church these Communists despise pre-eminently in doctrine, organization, usages, and spirit. They can no more succeed under that Scripture motto than the South could succeed by saying it accepted the doctrine of the fathers, the right of revolution. The right of revolution is a revolution for the right, and apostolic communism is the communism of apostolic Christianity. This, Paris and New York Communists despise, and therefore will the world despise them. They will come to naught because they are already naught. They are up-side down, on their heads, not heels, and therefore upside down will be all their aims and results.

It takes something to establish a newspaper. The literary itemizer of the *Watchman and Reflector* says:

"There are some charmingly innocent people who believe, or pretend to, that the publishing of newspapers is necessarily and always lucrative. A little experience might teach them better. The *Christian Standard*, of Cincinnati, states that although its affairs are conducted with the strictest economy, and its subscribers number 12,000, it has thus far cost \$20,000 more than its income. It says, also, that *The Advance*, of Chicago, with a still larger subscription list, sunk about \$75,000 in four years, and had not become self-sustaining when the late fire occurred; that *The Interior*, in less than two years, has used up a capital of nearly \$50,000, and that the *Standard*, of Chicago, with 15,000 subscribers, was not self-sustaining. We hope these statements by the *Standard* are not true, but we fear that they are. It takes a long time, a long purse and a long brain to establish a paper upon a paying basis."

They are doubtless true. The *Methodist* has cost unacknowledged thousands, probably near a hundred of them, and is not yet out of the woods. The *HERALD* did not get out of debt from the time of its establishment until 1850. The *New York Christian Advocate* says only two of the General Conference Advocates are paying now, and not one of them has probably paid all it cost to establish them. The *Christian Advance* has died for want of financial breath. Moral: "It takes a long time, a long purse, and a long brain to establish a paper on paying basis."

Original and Selected Papers.

AN OCTOBER DAISY.

BY CAROLINE M. HEWINS.

In June, the fields were white with daisies;
You scarce could see where grass-blades grew;
The white-blooms in bewildering mazes,
Nodded and danced the long month through.

They held their heads high—each young daisy—
Drooped not, nor faint'd 'neath the sun;
Steadfast and strong, not dull nor lazy,
It thought its life-work but begun.

Then came the hay-days, when the mowers,
With bare brown arms and sturdy backs,
Cut down the tender little flowers,
And left them withering in the stacks.

That was the end of all the daisies;
And when, one late midsummer day,
I sang the pure white darlings' praises,
"They're only weeds," I heard one say.

I only smiled, and without speaking
Kept looking for one left behind,
But many a day my earnest seeking
Not one white daisy-bloom could find.

Then, one bright noon in mid October,
When maple leaves had blushed and died,
When oaks had on their livery sober,
And golden birches laughed in pride,

I found the dying year's last daisy,
As pure and fresh as June's west wind;
As white as if it were not lazy,
And had not lagged so long behind.

Was it sent there to preach, in growing,
The perfect work by patience done?
Was it a sweet forerunner showing
That next year's June-work was begun?

REV. T. W. LEWIS.

BY REV. DR. A. WEBSTER.

We doubt not it would be gratifying to the many personal friends of our lamented brother, now residing in New England, to learn more of the particulars referring to his last hours, and know how this hero of many a hard-fought field, met the last shock of battle in the conflict of life.

To those who have been the most familiar with the history of his abundant labors here, it is not a matter of surprise that his constitution yielded, as it apparently did, not so much to the violence of this last attack of disease, as by exhaustion from the continued pressure of over exertion. When traveling for three years upon the Charleston District, he was subjected to the unrest of constant peril from the hostile elements in which he mingled, branded as he was as the "Yankee negro preacher." He was mobbed, his life threatened, and he subjected to that unconcealed scorn and contempt, to which ministers of the so-called Northern churches are here subjected. In addition to his abundant labors, he was obliged gratefully to accept accommodations to which he had not been accustomed. If it was in "negro quarters" that he slept at night, after the toils of the day, with his blanket spread upon the rude floor, and his carpet-bag for his pillow, or if his repast was "hog and hominy," for which he had a natural loathing, he never complained, for he knew it was the best that under the circumstances could be procured, and he often left in return for this kind treatment, not only his thanks and hearty, "God bless you," but a generous donation from his wallet, for which he was careful to make special provisions on these contemplated journeys.

At this time the railroads of the State were sadly out of repair, and some of them had been suspended, and this rendered uncertain and diversified the means of travel, and subjected him frequently to great expense and inconvenience. He was obliged, to use his own term, to travel, not merely on horseback, but "foot-back," with carpet-bag in hand. But, notwithstanding these disadvantages, he traveled from the seaboard to the mountains, organizing churches in Greenville County, two hundred and seventy-five miles from Charleston.

It should not be overlooked, that in these journeys he made his way unattended among strangers, on a mission that rendered him odious to the white population of this section; but duty called him, and many a dusky brow was radiant with smiles to meet this heroic and uncompromising friend, of what they called the "Old John Wesley Church." Those poor colored people heard him gladly, as he preached to them the glad tidings of salvation, and they often walked twenty, and even thirty miles to attend his quarterly meetings, and the white people often expressed their irritation and surprise that the "niggers" should be so crazy to hear the Yankee preacher.

When Mr. Lewis changed from the district to the pas-

toral care of our churches in Charleston, little was gained by way of respite from constant care and overwork. Here he had a membership of not less than two thousand, and the pastoral work here is more taxing and onerous than at the North. The recognized and honored pastor of this large flock, when sick they wanted to see his pleasant face, and listen to his earnest pleadings at the throne of grace. He was not the man who could turn away with indifference from these many calls. The baptism of children here imposes a great task upon the pastor. Their former education has evidently been such, that they associate with the idea of infant salvation the necessity of infant baptism. For this reason, if a child appears dangerously ill, the presence of the minister for its valid baptism must not be neglected or delayed. Should the pastor refuse to attend to such a call, though made at the midnight hour, he would be thought regardless of the tenderest sensibilities of the afflicted, and culpably indifferent to the salvation of souls. With our departed brother these calls to duty, whether made by night or day, did not fail to bring his kind and sympathizing administrations to the bedside of the sick and dying.

In addition to this, he was extensively consulted, and his counsel desired in financial matters, in which they had little experience, and in all of these nameless duties and personal calls he responded with a condescending cheerfulness that showed how deep and earnest in him was the desire to do good of every possible sort to the souls and bodies of those who were never rudely repulsed from his presence. It has often been remarked that the colored people desire pastors to serve them of their own complexion, but this people have not the same partiality for mere complexion that distinguish some of other classes. They desire in a pastor one who is willing faithfully to serve them in that capacity; and the churches in Charleston and vicinity have given the strongest possible proof of the untruthfulness of this ungenerous and unchristian assumption.

In addition to this pastoral work, Mr. Lewis was in the habit of preaching three sermons, to as many different congregations on each Sabbath. This was a heavy draft upon his nervous and vital energies. We should prefer the year round to preach four sermons per Sabbath in the bracing climate of the North, than three in the debilitating summer heat of Charleston and vicinity. The building of churches, the organization of schools, and the long detail of responsible labors connected with the planting and care of churches, incident to pioneer efforts, amid ignorance and prejudice, renders this kind of toil no mere pastime, but the stern reality of exhausting labor.

We noticed in the early spring that Mr. Lewis looked more worn and debilitated than usual, and suggested to him the importance of a respite, and a journey North during the summer; but this he decidedly declined, saying that he thought the work in Charleston would require his continued attention. He seemed impressed with the idea that duty demanded that he should spend the summer upon his charge. Near the time that the fever first made its appearance in Charleston, he made a visit to Columbia and vicinity, and when a friend was strongly urging him not to return again to the city until after the sickly season, he promptly replied, that he thought it duty for him to return; and that if it was duty to go back, he should prefer to do it, and die at his post, rather than shirk his duty, and live. In this he exhibited the true spirit of Christian heroism; and many more of the same martyr-like spirit are needed to serve the interests of the cause of Christ in this section of our work.

It would seem that Providence had been kindly preparing him for the great change he was so soon to experience. When he returned from the last session of the South Carolina Conference to his third year of pastoral labor in the city, he remarked that he was going to preach that year as he had never done before; and those who heard him were made to feel that his resolution was verified in the fresh zeal and pathos that glowed in his pulpit efforts.

He was often heard to refer to the fact that the present was his last year of labor in Charleston, and it was then thought that he referred to the expiration of the Conference term of service; but since this unexpected termination of his earthly labors, the impression is strongly felt, that on his own heart was the premonition of this call of the Master to his rest in heaven. Our congregation in Columbia will not soon forget his last sermon there, on the occasion of his recent visit, in which he had for a text "Jacob's Ladder," and for a theme, the intercourse between earth and heaven. It was then felt that he was near in spirit and communion with those who are dwelling in the tearless realms of that "beautiful world."

It was only at the earnest entreaty of his leading brethren that Mr. Lewis could be persuaded to leave

Charleston, even for a short period, while the fatal fever was raging. They felt that his life was too precious to them and the Church, to be thus periled by this exposure to malady. But his removal was too late to accomplish the object sought. The first attack of the fever was not so violent as in ordinary cases, and from this he seemed, in due time, partially to recover. But his system had been too thoroughly depleted of vital force for a final rally from the attack. He sank under the influence of a fatal relapse. When nearing the margin of the cold river he seemed tranquil and composed. The firm basis of his immortal hope was unmoved, and he was heard to say, "Still on the Rock." Some of those sweet hymns he sang so often in life, seemed more than ever beautiful and precious to him in death, and he joined in singing, "Rock of Ages," "Forever here my rest shall be," etc., after which he repeated, "Wash me, and make me thus thine own."

He wanted his friends to sing, "When I survey the wondrous cross," saying it was his favorite hymn, and pointing upward, he asked, "Do you not see the cross?" He left his love for many of his friends. He remembered the name of Claflin, sending his love to the Governor, with a request that he would continue to do for the colored people. He referred affectionately to the city churches he had been serving as pastor, and when trying in broken terms to express his wishes, his wife said, "Shall I tell them that you want them to hold together, to love one another, and try and carry out the principles you have taught them?" "Yes, yes; just that," he replied.

His deeply afflicted widow, who was by his side all through the trying scenes of those last hours, in writing to us of his death, says:—

"I cannot tell you all the precious little words he said. It all seemed that he was resting in such sweet peace in the Everlasting Arms. His hands were folded, and a sweet smile on his face. His mind seemed to dwell on the Saviour's love, and to trust Him fully, which I know he did. In short," she says, "it was a sweet death-bed scene, and a privilege to be there, even though our hearts were well-nigh breaking. It was quite on the verge of heaven. He kept saying over the sweetest name on mortal tongue, 'Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.' Then we sung:—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds."

He joined but caught at the verse, —

"Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place," etc.

And until he could speak no more, he kept talking about the Rock. A few moments before he ceased breathing, he revived, looking around upon us, and smiled more sweetly, and passed from us forever."

Thus sank to rest one of God's Laborers; thus a star of earth, made luminous by grace, has not waned in darkness, but disappeared amid the brighter radiance of heaven. Few graves have ever been moistened with a richer tribute of tears than the turf that covers the mortal remains of our departed brother. No such funeral procession ever before wended its way to the famed Magnolia Cemetery. It is true that in its long line there was no regal pomp, or glitter of military parade, or gorgeous trappings of wealth, no empty show or artificial magnificence, so often seen in the funeral cortege of the rich; but the thousands who joined in that solemn march were prompted by true affection for the dead. An impulse of irrepressible sorrow drew them on to follow a friend and a brother to a spot to be made ever dear and sacred to them by the deposit of his mortal remains. It was the funeral procession of grief-stricken mourners, who gave the involuntary offerings of tears and tender recollections which wealth could never purchase, nor the making up of pretended sorrow ever imitate.

When we were at Charleston on a recent visit, we found there the three churches in which he so devotedly labored, still draped in the deepest mourning, and the congregations still in tears. A Monumental Association had been formed for the purpose of placing a tablet in the churches, and a monument over his grave, at a cost far too extravagant for their limited means, but not too precious for the memory of him they would so generously and appropriately honor. But he has a monument more enduring than that of brass or marble, which shall not fail when the things of earth have perished forever.

DEAN ALFORD'S NEW TESTAMENT FOR ENGLISH READERS.

The question propounded by Philip to the eunuch may with equal propriety be asked of every reader of Sacred Writ, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" Very many excellent people use the Bible as a charm, and imagine, or seem to, that there is a kind of mystical virtue communicated to the soul by the simple perusal of so many verses and chapters. The Holy Bible, in common with all other books, is meant to convey instruction, and a very great portion is simple narration of facts and

incidents, happening in a remote age of antiquity, among people whose manners and customs, modes of action and habits of thought, idioms, idiosyncracies, political and social condition, were all essentially different from our own. And in translating this into our language, much more is needed than equivalents, or corresponding words. To give anything like a correct idea of the original, that is to say, to convey to our minds an idea corresponding with the idea in the mind of Paul, for instance, needs more than a mere verbal translation. The translator must be familiar with the circumstances, the age, the society, the peculiarities, the habits of thought, and all the surroundings that helped to shape the original conception; and then, with this understanding, may he trans-late (carry over) the idea to another mind. To do this, in some measure, is the work of the commentator. No corresponding word can be found in the English to convey the nicer shades of meaning expressed in one Greek word or phrase; hence the need of elaborate explanation and elucidation. For example, take the English word "home," how shall we render this word into French, so as to convey to a Parisian mind, an idea corresponding with the word when sounded in English and American ears. There is no French word for "home," simply because there was never a need of such a word. They have no homes in France. They have *maison* house; and *chez lui, chez nous*, with him, and with us, but no word that expresses the complicated idea attached to the Saxon word "home;" and so with the original languages and dialects of the Bible. We have no words that can carry over, convey, translate the words and phrases, without circumlocution and explanation.

This being the case, the necessity of a good commentary by the English student of the English Bible is absolutely essential. There are many such; each has its own peculiar excellency; but without disparagement to any others, we know of none that ranks above Alford's "New Testament for English Readers." As a scholar and divine, Dean Alford, is among the first; a man of great breadth of mind, keen philological perception, deep erudition, and with all the essential qualifications of a still higher and spiritual nature, so absolutely needed in one who approaches the elucidation of the text of Holy Writ. "I regard," he says, the "canonical books of the Old and New Testaments, to have been given by inspiration of Almighty God, and in this respect to differ from all other books in the world." This is the corner-stone of his structure. Proceeding still further, he finds that this revelation of God is made through "the vehicles of human testimony, human speech, and human writing;" and while what these writers testified was true, yet the Spirit of truth did not divest their testimony of its human character. "Each man reported, and each man selected, according to his own personal characteristics of thought and feeling." The consequence is, that there are apparent discrepancies. "This is the belief," he says, "and these are the principles on which I have recognized and dealt with what appear to me the undeniable apparent discrepancies in detail between some of the Gospel narratives. I have never attempted to force them into accordance. I shrink from doing so, and I see no end gained by doing so. On the other hand, I believe the confirmation of the faith gained by the testimony which these discrepancies furnish to the absolute independence of the narratives, to be of infinitely more importance than would be the most complete piecing together of them in an apparently harmonious whole." This is candid and conciliatory; and in the same large spirit he regards the possibility of misinterpretation by reason of the vehicles of human speech and human writing. He submits the Book to the same test as he would a book, and the result confirms his creed laid down in the beginning—Inspiration. The material, the mechanical part of the Bible is by human agency, the part that makes it visible to our fleshly eyes. In and through that visible part, is seen the Spirit of Truth by the Spirit of Faith.

Each Gospel and Epistle is prefaced by a full and exhaustive introduction, embracing the latest results of Biblical study and research. In the Epistles, the Authorized Version and the Authorized Version Revised are given in parallel columns, and in the margin the usual references and readings. The foot-notes are ample, condensed, luminous, and satisfactory. Dean Alford's style is singularly lucid; and being, perhaps, the best living authority in all matters pertaining to Bible literature and history, the work must long occupy a foremost position among commentaries. The mechanical execution of the books is in the highest style of the art, and everything is done to render easy and agreeable the labor of the student.

We have neither time nor space to detail the merits of this able work. On behalf of all Bible students, we thank Messrs. Lee & Shepard for bringing this splendid English edition before the American reader. In a neat

box, containing four handsome volumes, this work is peculiarly adapted for a present to your pastor, or to some poor, struggling student; or, if not generously inclined, you need it yourself. Place it beside your Whedon and Barnes, not as something merely to boast of—"Have you seen my Alford?"—but to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest."

THE BURIED SEED.

Two thousand years ago a flower
Bloomed lightly in a far-off land.
Two thousand years ago its seed
Was placed within a dead man's hand.
Before the Saviour came to earth
That man had lived and loved and died,
And even in that far-off time
The flower had spread its perfume wide.
Suns rose and set; years came and went;
The dead hand kept its treasure well.
Nations were born, and turned to dust,
While life lay hidden in that shell.
The shriveled hand was robbed at last,
The seed was buried in the earth;
When, lo, the life, long hidden there,
Into a glorious flower burst forth!
Just such a plant as that which grew
From such a seed when buried low,
Just such a flower in Egypt bloomed
And died two thousand years ago.
And will not He who watched the seed,
And kept the life within its shell,
When those He loves are laid to rest,
Watch o'er their buried dust as well?
And will not He from 'neath the sod
Cause something glorious to arise?
Ay! though it sleep two thousand years,
Yet all that buried dust shall rise.
Just such a face as greets you now,
Just such a form as here we wear,
Only more glorious far, will rise
To meet the Saviour in the air.
Then will I lay me down in peace
When called to leave this vale of tears;
For in my flesh shall I see God,
E'en though I sleep two thousand years.

WAS IT NOT OF GOD?—A minister's wife, in the public congregation, requested twelve leading men of the place to meet her at the parsonage on a certain evening. Her husband had no faith that they would come; but at the time appointed he saw them coming to his house. He and his boy of a dozen years were in the cook-room, where they knelt in silent prayer, while she received them in the parlor. After a short interview they returned to their homes. The husband looked into the parlor, and saw his wife on her knees, and at the proper time retired for the night. He came down at midnight, and found her still praying; and again at four in the morning, and she was still wrestling in prayer. She then spoke to her husband, and asked him to bring a light, as she wished to see on what passage in the Bible her finger was placed. "They read," thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel; for as a prince hast thou power with God, and with men, and hast prevailed." She had continued all night in prayer for these men. Within three weeks, nine of the twelve were converted. "Call unto me, and I will answer thee."

THE NEW EXPLOSIVE.—Dynamite is working its way to power. A correspondent of the *Tribune* describes some of its effects:—

"Two pounds of dynamite were laid upon the top of the largest piece of limestone rock that could be found in the neighborhood. The rock probably weighed between ten and twelve hundred weight. The powder was simply laid upon the top of it, with the wire, and covered with two shovelfuls of earth. The electric machine connected with it was carried to a safe place on the other side of the field, and the operator simply turned the handle. The explosion which followed was terrific. Strange to say, there were no falling fragments of rock to be seen or heard, but only, after the sharp report, a small cloud of dust and white smoke like steam. The effect upon the rock was to pulverize it. There were perhaps half a dozen good-sized pieces left, but none larger than a man's head, and the rest was powdered and mashed into the hole where the rock had been. Such a terrible power has the dynamite that it would seem to be unfit for breaking quarried stone, on account of the waste that must necessarily ensue. It was very natural for a spectator to say, as one of the party did, 'Why, where has the rock gone?'"

It does not "go off" by the match, or concussion, or friction. Only electricity releases its terrific forces. What it is, is still a secret. But it is evidently something of the Vril sort.

Like most garments, like most carpets, everything in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around, find troubles on the other side; or, you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around, find joys on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, nor does the greatest of life's calamities.

The Farm and Garden.

Prepared for ZION'S HERALD, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.

Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address its Editor, care of ZION'S HERALD.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.—It is well for us, as we come to the close of the year, to look back over the months that are past, and recount our successes, and recall our failures. Especially let the farmer remember the latter, that he may not again fall into the same error. The close of the old and beginning of a new year is the very best time to close up all outstanding accounts. "Short accounts make long friends," is an old and true saying. Many of the differences between neighbors—and this is especially true among farmers, who we fear do not always keep their books in the best way, if they keep books at all—arise from not settling up accounts frequently, before things are forgotten. We have seen many farmers and mechanics who kept their accounts in chalk on the inside of the back door, or some other place equally convenient, and equally insecure, and we have known such figures become blurred, or possibly wholly rubbed out, so that it was almost if not quite impossible to make them out. We know it is almost impossible to go on the cash system; but we do say, most emphatically, let it be done where it can be; and where it cannot be, let the settlement be made monthly if possible; but certainly as often as once a year. As a rule, never let the account run longer. How many lawsuits, how much hard feeling, how many life-long hatreds might have been saved if men had only been particular to settle more frequently. Let all our readers bear all these things in mind, and determine to set apart sufficient time to do this necessary work. Again, let every farmer, as he recalls the past in regard to his success in his pursuit, or the want of it, resolve to do better, if possible, in the future, to avoid mistakes so far as in his power. In order to do this successfully, one must be intelligent, and know what he is about. He must not invest in special fertilizers at sixty dollars the ton, that are shown to be worth not more than twenty or thirty dollars. He must not purchase worthless machines of irresponsible agents, when by taking the papers, and becoming posted, he would have known better. He must not be content to raise poor stock, where by a little extra investment he can raise pure blood stock. He must not jog along in the same old track in which his father trod, unless it be better than any new way that has been suggested. In short, he must make the most of himself, and the opportunities that offer, and then at the close of each day, week, month, or year, there will be nothing to mourn over.

POST UP, not the ledger to see how the accounts balance, but procure books on the subject of horticulture, agriculture, and kindred subjects, and study up so as to be able to carry on the garden and farm in the most intelligent manner. Many seem to have a great aversion to book farmers, but I wish all the farmers were more willing to look into the books, and gain valuable information, and be able to apply the same with good practical results. It is not enough for a farmer to say this or that way is well enough, because his father practiced it. It is not enough in these days to shut one's eyes, and declare that there is nothing to be gained by reading and study on the subject of farming, and because one can get a living without books, refuse to be further informed on the very subject that should interest them most of all. It requires in these days, a wide-awake, bright, intelligent man to make money farming, and this is true in every department of business; and he who would be successful in this busy, active world must post up, and keep his eyes open, or he certainly will be run down and lost sight of, or, in other words, will soon go astern. It is true the farmer is not, and should not be confined to books written by man. The whole Book of Nature is daily open before him, and he is most wise who best understands its teachings.

Let farmers in the winter season, when the evenings are long, get together in the village school-house, or at the house of some one, and discuss things pertaining to their calling, compare notes, and thus gain much valuable information that can be used on the farm during the years to come. But some one says, What shall we discuss? There are questions enough:—

Value of fodder corn, or corn fodder?
Will it pay to raise corn in New England?
Is fruit culture profitable?
What is the best method of curing hay?
Are cattle-shows, as generally managed, a benefit to the farmer?
What is the best breed of cattle?
Will it pay to use special manures at present prices?
What is the best time to prune fruit-trees?
What the cause, and what the remedy for the decline of the potato crop?
When shall top-dressing be applied?
There are scores of subjects that may be discussed to profit. We hope some of our readers may be induced to start some such meetings for the purpose we have indicated.

The Family.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

A dreary place would be this earth,
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it;

No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender;
No little hands on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling life-chords tender.

The sterner souls would grow more stern,
Unfeeling nature more inhuman,
And man to stoke coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,
Were there no babes to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be
Were there no little people in it.

THE TRIALS OF SANTA CLAUS.
AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

I know I am considered a jolly old fellow, with nothing to do but drive down chimneys with a broad grin on my face; but I have my trials, like all other saints and sinners. It is not Christmas eve the whole year round; there is a before and after, and if you think I have jolly times then, you are mistaken. Just now it is the before that worries me; I must have before the 25th of December, private consultation with at least five millions of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts and cousins, to say nothing of husbands and wives, lovers and friends; and this is no trifle, I assure you, when you look at it seriously as I have to.

Take as an example, the Rubbs—about an average family. There is grandpa and grandma Rubb to begin with, and aunt Melinda; then there is papa and mamma Rubb, and Minnie and Tom, and Lottie and Harrie, and the baby, besides Nora, the nurse, and Bridget, the cook. It is easy enough to manage the baby, and the two four and six year olds; there are candies and dolls and blocks and picture-books and jumping jacks and things of that sort for them; but think of Grandpa Rubb! and of aunt Melinda! How can I know what will suit an old maid of fifty, who can't have caps, because she dyes her hair, and doesn't care for bows nor books nor pictures nor portfolios nor sugar-plums nor pinecones, and who would be mortally offended if I carried her a new dress or shawl, "as if she was too poor to clothe herself!" Papa Rubb is almost as bad: he's had shaving paper and slippers and dressing-gown and a family Bible and a pen-knife and a porte-monnaie and a photograph album—and I should like to know what more you could do for a man who never reads, and cares nothing for pictures and pretty things? In fact, men are trying, both old and young ones; there are hosts of things to give pretty, wide-awake young girls, but the men do bother me every year most unaccountably. And, as I suppose, there are at least fifteen thousand to be looked after this very minute! And an easy time I have of it, forsooth! I should like to have you try it just for one year, and see—that's all!

Another trouble is—people hurry me so. Half of my customers will not do a single thing till ten days before I am to load up, and then how they do drive round, and what hurries and worries and scurries they do get into! I want a little time to assort my wares and get things packed away into my bundle, orderly and comfortably, and though I can move as swiftly as most people, I should be a good deal more saint-like in my temper and deportment if I was not knocked and hurried about so on the 23d and 24th of December, every year.

Again, I being a saint, am of high moral principles. Judge then how I hang my head and blush when some bright-eyed young girl brings me a cigar-case, or a brandy-flask, or a pack of cards to take to some young man, whom I know—though she doesn't—is on the very verge of ruining himself by smoking, drinking, or gambling? Shall her fair hands help to push him over the precipice on which he stands tottering? By a law of my nature I can never refuse to deliver what is entrusted to me, but I often long to cry out, "Forbear! you know not what you do." More than once I have taken a case of "genuine Hollands" to a man breaking down by drink, or a box of "choice Havanas" to a youth whose nerves were already all unstrung by excessive smoking, or a set of costly jewelry to a wife whose womanly purity was already soiled, if not destroyed, by a too great love of dress. Yes, even a Christmas gift may bring ruin to some poor soul!

Another terribly trying thing to a tender-hearted saint is to be compelled to carry loads and loads of things to persons who don't want them—who are rather annoyed than pleased by their arrival, and to go straight by many a poor man's door without leaving so

much as a single stick of candy for the baby. Last year I carried a solid silver urn to rich Mrs. Fuller, who, the moment she saw it, turned up her nose and said: "As if I wanted to be plagued with the care of such a thing as that! How I hate to be under obligation to that woman!" and in going there I had to pass right by Mary Minturn's door, and she, poor thing, lying there year in and year out with her curved spine, had not a single pretty thing in her room to make it cheerful! If I could only have left her some warm flannels, or even a dish of oranges! Yes, merry as I am, and beautiful and holy as is the work I mostly do, I have many a heart ache when I go empty-handed by such doors. So much light and joy could be carried into sick rooms, such lovely pictures, such refreshing fruits, such dainty little contrivances for ease and comfort, if only the money, worse than wasted in some directions, could be transferred to these!

And there is an after to me, who stand behind the scenes. To go back to the Rubbs; last year we all chuckled over what we regarded as the happiest idea for grandpa—a beautiful, gold headed, ebony cane, which was presented by the younger members of the family forming a procession, headed by Tom and brought up by baby, tumbling round promiscuously, yet valiantly holding on to the cane by his chubby hands; the old man smiled and said: "Thankee, thankee," good naturedly enough, and we fancied we had for once achieved entire success; but as I am a living man, and I hope nobody doubts that, that lovely cane has been standing in the darkest corner of the bedroom closet from that day to this! After walking out to the gate with it, he said to grandma Rubb, "It don't feel nateral," and went back again to his old, knotty, walnut stick, and grandma Rubb's cap, which we all thought so pretty and becoming, and which Minnie sat up till midnight to finish off, didn't "feel nateral" either; so she shut it up in a box and carried it into the spare chamber bureau drawer, and has never looked at it since. Now, when I have been at the trouble of finding and carrying these things to people, I want they should be enjoyed and used, and it hurts my feelings to have them treated in this way. Of course it does.

And this is but a sample of what occurred in one family; you may judge that in a million I have my trials. However, I am a happy fellow, in the main—most of my patrons are loving and true-hearted; most of my gifts are welcomed as offerings of genuine affection; and the children—God bless their merry hearts—are enough to keep a harder-hearted saint than I am in good humor from one end of the year to the other.

Only let me ask you to make me always a blessing, and never a bane, by giving to my charge only precious things, hallowed by love and sympathy; and may each of you, dear readers, find in your stockings just the thing you most wish for, the coming anniversary; may you find also how much better it is to give than to receive; and best of all, may He who was born on Christmas day, draw near to each and every soul with a choir of white-robed angels, chanting the old, yet ever new song—"Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace, good will toward men."—Selected.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

We would like to make a suggestion in the interest of the little ones. Why not, in their behalf, set apart an hour each day, to be definitely known as "The Children's Hour," and to be made as pleasant and as useful to them, as the combined resources of a Christian household will permit?

The very best hour for such a purpose will be that following an early tea, or—better still—a late dinner. Then the whole family will be together; and the older members will need rest and recreation, which they will best secure by giving themselves—body, mind, and soul—for an hour to the little ones who make home happy for them.

Owing to the rush and whirl of business, many children grow up now-a-days in practical ignorance of the father whom they are bound to love and obey, while the father is equally ignorant of the childish natures which he is bound to train, govern, and develop. The older brothers and sisters in a family, too—with their own studies, their own business, or their own pleasures to engross their attention—get in the way of practically absolving themselves from all but the most imperative responsibility for the welfare and happiness of the little ones of the household. On the patient, overburdened, much-enduring mother, pretty much all the work of guiding, governing, and amusing the lambs of the flock depends.

Why should father settle down as soon as he has bolted his supper, to his newspaper or his bank account, John to his book, and Mary and Jenny to their plans for to-morrow's party? Haven't they some responsibility for the welfare of Willie, and Charlie, and Susie? And should they not feel and manifest some practical interest in those little prattlers?

Wouldn't they do two hours' work between seven and eight, for a good romp between six and seven? Do not the

clamors and blarneyings of the nurslings—who have exhausted, hours ago, their slender stock of patience, and their scanty means of amusement—plead for some better rejoinder than "Do stop your noise?" Why not stop their noise for them—father and mother, brothers and sisters—by giving the little ones a right-down good time, before they lay their curly heads on their pillows? You won't mind their noise, you know, when you are making twice as much yourselves.

There are a great many things that may be done to make the children's hour a season of joy to the childish heart. We don't object ourselves to a good round game like "blind man's buff," or "puss in the corner;" but if mamma thinks that is too exhilarating for the hour just before bed-time, there is still enough to be done to make the time pass pleasantly. The practical mechanic of the family can bring joy to many a little heart, by repairing the day's mishaps among the playthings, and setting things to rights for another vigorous campaign. The embryo novelist of the family can gather a little group about her to listen to some simple story. The musicians of the family will naturally cluster about the piano, and take it out in singing. And if father is excluded from either group, how can he be better employed than in adjusting childish grievances, or removing childish difficulties, whether they spring up within the home circle, or line the rough and thorny road to school?

Enough to do, dear friends, if you have only the mind and heart to do it; and something that will richly pay to do, as a month's experience will demonstrate. Your little ones will grow up profoundly impressed with the fact that "there is no place like home;" and that impression is the surest safeguard against moral pollution, that can be found outside the religion of Jesus Christ. *Examiner and Chronicle.*

Some one questions the *Observer's* figures as to the six hundred millions of money paid annually in the United States for liquor drinking, and it comes to its defense by this quotation from a letter, addressed from the Internal Revenue Office to Wm. M. Thayer, Secretary of the Massachusetts State Temperance Alliance:

"In the absence of accurate data, the following is an estimate of the sales of liquors in the United States during the fiscal year, ending June 30, 1871:—

Whiskey—60,000,000 gallons, at \$8 retail.....	\$300,000,000
Imported Spirits—5,500,000 gallons, at \$10 retail..	55,000,000
Imported Wine—10,700,000 gallons, at \$5 retail...	53,500,000
Ale, Beer, and Porter—5,000,000 bbls., at \$20 retail.....	100,000,000
Native Brandies, Wines and Cordials—quantity unknown; estimated value	31,500,000
Total	\$600,000,000

"As a proof of the correctness of the above, it may be stated that during the last fiscal year the receipts from retail liquor dealers, who paid \$25 each for license, amounted to \$3,950,000, indicating that there were 146,000 retailers of liquors in the United States. By including those who escaped paying license fees, estimated at 4,000, the number is increased to 150,000, who on an average sold at least \$4,000 worth of liquors each, making \$600,000,000, as before stated. These figures are sufficiently startling, and need no exaggeration. Six hundred million of dollars! The minds of few persons can comprehend this vast sum, which is worse than wasted every year. It would pay for 100,000,000 barrels of flour, averaging 2 1-2 barrels of flour to every man, woman, and child in the country.

"The Internal Revenue, last year, on liquors, amounted to \$61,900,725. This sum does not include the duties collected on the imports of over 11,000,000 gallons of wine, and over 30,000,000 barrels of beer and ale."

The Chicago churches, according to the *Banner*, lost as follows:—

"The Episcopal churches suffered to the amount of over \$200,000; the Baptists to about the same; the loss of the Congregationalists is over \$100,000; the Catholic Church claims to have lost over \$1,000,000; the Methodist churches, \$250,000; the Unitarian, 175,000; the Universalist, \$75,000; the Presbyterian, between \$300,000 and \$400,000. In addition to these, several Scandinavian churches and Jewish synagogues were destroyed."

SOUTH CAROLINA.

(Correspondence)

The United States District Court commenced its session at Columbia, Judge Bond presiding, on the 27th of November. The District-Attorney informs us that the testimony showing the existence of the famous Ku-Klux is more than ample, but the horrid outrages committed seemingly incredible for a land that claims the influence of Christian civilization. In cases where cold-blooded murders have been committed, those guilty of the deed have, upon the following Sabbath, presented themselves among the people of God around the sacramental board to receive the Holy Sacrament.

At the last session of the South Carolina Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. A. W. Cummings, D. D., of Spartanburg, and Rev. W. F. Parker, formerly of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, connected themselves with our Church. This fact, in connection with their well-known Republican sentiments, awakened a deep hostility against them from those who claimed to be loyal to the South. A plan was laid, and an order issued for the murder of Dr. Cummings,

and other Republicans of Spartanburg, and the murderers were to be led to the quarters of their unsuspecting victims by Rev. J. D. Carpenter, the preacher stationed in Spartanburg, by the South Carolina Conference of the Church, South. Rev. Mr. Parker was threatened, and followed by those anxious to take his life; and they, no-doubt, would have effected their object, but for the fact that it was well understood that Mr. Parker was among that class of Methodist preachers, not only always ready to preach, but ready to die, and ready to fight the Ku-Klux in self-defense with his loaded revolver, always within his reach. In some cases where an attack has been made upon Methodist preachers, they have used the important precaution to ascertain if their intended victim usually went armed. It seems very strange, as it now appears, that in certain sections all the respectable white people, (?) not even excepting the professed ministers of the Gospel, are to a greater or less extent identified with these organizations, combined to commit the darkest deeds known in the catalogue of human crime.

Rev. H. J. Fox, D. D., is expected to fill for the present the vacancy left in Charleston by the death of Rev. T. W. Lewis. Dr. Fox is a member of the South Carolina Conference, and is known in the section of New York city, as a very able preacher. He came South with the hope not only of doing good, but of greatly improving his finances by some fortunate investments, but his golden dreams have vanished, amid the stern realities of unproductive lands, and the unwelcome visits and threats of infernal Ku-Klux. He has removed from the section of so many painful experiences and purposes, to devote himself fully to the work of the ministry, which he never abandoned under the pressure of any of his financial enterprises. He has an ability to do much for our work in this section, with all his energies devoted to the cause of Christ.

Our Southern work has met with another sad loss by yellow fever. Mrs. Joseph Garrison, the wife of our stationed preacher at Beaufort, died at her residence in that place, of yellow fever, on the 22d of November, aged 22 years. Rev. Joseph Garrison came to this Southern work from the section of New Jersey, at the solicitation of Rev. T. W. Lewis some four years since. Two years since, on his return from his visit North, he brought back with him an accomplished and devoted wife, to share the toils and perils of the itinerancy in this labor of love for Christ. She entered cheerfully upon the duties of this new field, making her husband a pleasant home, and a valuable helper in the Sunday-school, the social meeting, and in sympathizing visits among the afflicted and suffering of his pastoral charge. At our last Conference they followed Bro. Newcomb upon the Beaufort charge. She and her husband went North to spend most of the summer, but unfortunately returned before the protracted sickly season had entirely disappeared. Mrs. Garrison won many friends during the brief season of her devoted labors in this section. She leaves a precious record, and the assurance that it was gain for her to die. The deeply afflicted husband and infant daughter are commended to the prayers and sympathies of the Church. Millie Lewis, the only child of Rev. T. W. Lewis, spent the sickly portion of the season at the house of a friend near Columbia, in a very healthy portion of the country. He has improved much in health by his country resort. He has been spending a short time on his return to his home in Charleston, at the Claflin University. He inherits much of the vivacity and mental activity of his father. He is a fine scholar for his years, and a lad of much promise.

Our Book Table.

Two excellent gift books did not get noticed last week. The *LAND OF THE VEDA*, by Dr. Butler, and *THREESCORE YEARS AND BEYOND*, prepared by Dr. De Puy. Both are from our Book Concern, and are handsome specimens of printing and binding. Dr. Butler's work is a large octavo, full of plates, steel and wood, and containing his personal reminiscences of India. It gives a vivid account of the Sepoy Rebellion, a full statement of the religion and literature of India, of the condition of woman, of the conflicts of the races, of the work and the success of the missions. The gift of the Home by the Nawab of Ramjer, so vividly told in our columns last week, by Rev. E. W. Parker, draws closer attention to this land, and this elegant book increases the attraction. It is profusely illustrated, and should be on every table. Dr. Butler writes vividly, and is full of courage and faith. A copy of the volume is to be given by the Missionary Society to the Governor General of India, the Nawab of Ramjer and other dignitaries referred to in the work. Every library, public and private, should possess it. It shows how much we are doing, and answers a sneer of the modern infidel Brahmin, that nobody there is getting converted; or if

there are such; they are nobodies; a note the *Golden Age* of course catches up, and trips a little stove on the same key. Buy and read *The Land of the Veda*, and see how Christ is subduing India to Himself. The other work, *THREESCORE YEARS AND BEYOND*, is a large octavo, in large open type, made by the industrious assistant editor of the *Advocate*, first for his father, eighty-eight years old, and then for all other old people. He, however, brings it down pretty near to the young folk when he entitles it *Threescore Years and Beyond*. No man owns to being old at threescore. It is hard enough to do it at threescore and ten, where Moses put it. We advise him, if he wants a big sale, and of course he does, to change it immediately to "Beyond Threescore and Ten." That will make all the threescoreites give it to their venerable sires and mothers, or grand-sires and grandmothers. It is well prepared, having sketches of famous men and women who bore fruit in old age, Asbury, Mrs. Fry, Howard, Dr. Bangs, and many such. It begins with a vigorous poem by George Lansing Taylor, on old age, and gives notes of the lives and deaths of aged saints in all ages. It is just the book for a New Year, or a birthday present, to your kindred of the advanced age not specified in the text. The type is large and open, and easily read by aged eyes.

THE EARTH. A Descriptive History of the Phenomena of the Life of the Globe, by Elisei Rectus, illustrated by two hundred and thirty maps, and twenty-three page maps in colors. Harpers. This is both a Christmas, and an all the year book, full of the best matter on this subject. It is the latest in researches, and discusses all the problems of earth-structure in the best style. It will help our non-providential earthquakeists, they may think, to find that the earth is always quaking; that it is a raft, ever in motion on its surface, earthquakes only being storms in this sea of soil. Yet even then God may be in the storm as in the daily motions; and this putting a sinful man on such a raft expresses His idea of man, and his sin. Buy this book, and grow in knowledge as to the land you are made of, live on, and will be buried in.

THE POETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY (Harper Bros.), is a well-selected volume of poems, well-printed, and well-illustrated. It is one of those gifts that will not grow less valuable with age.

INSECTS AT HOME, by J. G. Wood (Charles Scribner & Co.), 1 vol., 8vo., pp. 666, is a thorough treatise on insects, a standard work, elaborate and complete. It shows what a field for study is found in these most despised creatures, and what a great display they give of the wisdom and power of God. It will be undoubtedly a text-book in this department of science.

THE APPLETON'S HANDY-VOLUME DICKENS. Even literary men never cease to be surprised at some instances of compression in book-making. The old Methodist hymn-book, which has done more for Methodism than any other book, was among our first puzzles; so small, so large, and all the same. The American Tract Society sells, or has sold, an unabridged illustrated "Pilgrim's Progress" at 10 cents, retail. Rarely is so much done in this direction as in the "Handy-volume Dickens." The Appletons have selected a very thin, fine, white, opaque paper, perfect minion type, and good ink, and a very light, strong cover of brown cloth, very pretty indeed. All of Dickens is to be compressed in fourteen volumes, of about 340 pages each, no work running into two volumes. The pages are duodecimo, of two 64-line columns. The entire set will weigh less than ten pounds, and will cost but 75 cents per volume. All this we say for the benefit of those who must have Dickens on their shelves, but who would not care to invest a considerable sum in large type and thick paper. The sale of Dickens must continue extensive for the rest of this century, and we know of no edition better calculated to meet the most usual want.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

THE BABY'S THINGS. A Story in Verse, for Christmas Eve, by Edward Abbott Randolph, is a piece of excellent advice, done up in crimson and gold for the Christmas tree. It tells how a rich woman lost her baby, and got consolation by carrying her baby's clothes to a poor woman's baby. Many not rich can find solace in like excellent manner.

The best books to give your minister are ALFORD'S NEW TESTAMENT, Greek and English. Lee & Shepard will sell them for \$30 and \$16, beautiful for looks and contents. Next to that, give them PLUTARCH'S MORALS (Little & Brown), seven volumes, full of rare meat for rare natures. Then add PLATO, translated by Jowett, four volumes (Scribner), which will make one know Plato better than if he read it himself, and will make him wise as Paul in the wisdom of the Greeks. Add to these, Tyerman's WESLEY, three volumes, seven dollars and fifty cents, and you have a dish, for fifty dollars, that will make your minister glad for all his life. Just tell Bro. Magee to fill you out this order before next Monday, capping it, if you are very liberal, with Longfellow's DIVINE TRAGEDY, large edition, and Beecher's LIFE OF CHRIST, 8vo., illustrated, and Butler's "India."

HYMNS FOR MOTHERS AND CHILDREN (Nichols & Hall), is a fine collection of appropriate hymns, finely printed. It is a good book for mothers and children. Mrs. Stowe's OLD TOWN FIRESIDE STORIES (Osgood & Co.), is also well got up in pictures and stories for a Christmas tree or stocking.

Obituaries.

Rev. JOSEPH S. ELDRIDGE died suddenly, at his residence in Chelsea, on Sunday morning, Oct. 8, aged 73 years and 2 months.

He was buried from the Walnut Street Methodist Episcopal Church on the following Tuesday. He was, for more than

fifty years, an active member of the Methodist Protestant Church. He commenced to preach the Word of Life when but 18 years of age; perhaps some of your readers will recollect with how much earnestness and success, and will be interested to learn that he passed away without a struggle, having "fought a good fight," and "kept the faith." The Sabbath previous to his death he attended church, and partook of the Sacrament. He had been for the past six months peculiarly happy in his experiences, and his friends, who had the pleasure of listening, from week to week, to his fervent exhortations in the social meetings, can bear witness that he was ready to depart. He was confined to his house a few days by a sudden cold, but on the evening previous to his death was considered by his physician as well as usual; but just as the Sabbath dawned, the Master called him to attend the "upper sanctuary," and, without a word or a struggle, his obedient spirit sped away to the realms of light. Chelsea, Mass., 1871.

ANNIE M. STRATTON, wife of Rev. F. K. Stratton, of South Boston, departed this life, in blissful hope, on the 20th day of November, 1871, aged 33 years and 11 months.

Converted when 19 years of age, her path was that of the just "that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Her life was unassuming, but deep. Christ was to her a preloved Saviour, and, being wholly consecrated to Him, hers, consequently, was a beautiful, a holy life. Ten years of her brief earthly pilgrimage were spent in the itinerancy. She realized the responsibilities of her position as a pastor's wife, and evidently felt very solicitous that her whole influence should be for the Master. Few in this position, we think, have ever been more careful and conscientious than was she.

Sister Stratton, possessing a most amiable and lovely disposition, had secured many warm friends. These now mourn for her as for a sister tenderly beloved. With them her memory is, and ever will be, precious. They hardly knew how much they loved her until the sad words were uttered, "She is dead." Sister Stratton loved to labor for Jesus, and hers will not be a starless crown, for by her own personal efforts souls were won to Christ. In every station where, with her husband, she toiled for the Saviour, are now found those who rise up and call her blessed. To her life was sweet, and she had much for which to live. Her devotion to her family was very great; and to give them all up, required a great struggle. But through abounding grace she triumphed gloriously, exclaiming, "Break every tender tie; Jesus is mine."

For some years, she has been deeply impressed that there should be a greater distinction between Christian people and the world, and so strong were her convictions that, only a few hours before her death, she urged upon Christians the duty of coming out from the world more fully. As she neared the dividing river, her countenance shone with heavenly light, and such bright visions of glory dawned upon the soul, that she even longed to depart and be with Christ. While her husband, at her request, was trying to sing, "O come, angel band!" she whispered, "I see them now;" and soon those heavenly visitors bore her pure spirit home to the Paradise of God. "The righteous hath hope in his death." Great, indeed, is the loss of her family and the Church, and deep their sorrow; but to her there is infinite gain, and fullness of joy.

"There is weeping on earth for the lost;
There is bowing in grief to the ground;
But rejoicing and praise 'mid the sanctified host
For a spirit in Paradise found;
Though brightness hath passed from the earth,
Yet a star is newborn in the sky;
And a soul has gone home to the land of its birth,
Where a.e pleasures and fullness of joy,
And a new harp is strung, and a new song is given
To the breezes that float o'er the garden of heaven."

HENRY B. COPP.

Died, in Andover, Me., Oct. 19, 1871, after a brief illness, L. RUSSELL HALL, aged 58 years and 28 days.

Bro. Hall had been for several years an active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was, at the time of his death, a steward, trustee, and Sabbath-school superintendent. As a husband and father, he was faithful and kind; as a citizen, universally esteemed; as a Christian, abundant in labors, honored and beloved. No words can suitably express the sorrow occasioned in the home circle, the Church, and the community, by his sudden removal; but our loss is his gain. He left to the bereaved family and friends the blessed assurance of a peaceful death, and a final triumph. During his closing hours, the precious song of devotion, that so often fell from his lips at the family altar, and in the social meetings of the Church, and which we shall ever hold in sacred remembrance, inspired his soul with renewed courage, and was faithfully exemplified in his experience, so that even now its echo comes back to comfort our hearts, and to urge us to a complete consecration, in the same words:—

"The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till Christ shall set me free;
Then I'll go home the crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me."

Trusting in the comforts of the Holy Spirit, we commend the afflicted ones to Him who is "a Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widow, in His holy habitation," who alone hath power to bind up the broken-hearted, believing that He will give the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. I. G. S.

Died, in East Douglass, Dec. 7, at the residence of his son-in-law, Dr. S. P. Holbrook, Mr. THOMAS CAMPBELL, of West Medway, Mass., age 62 years.

For more than forty years he has been an active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. A truly active worker in the vineyard of our God, a willing agent, not only with his hands, but also with his means, his loss as a citizen is great, and all exclaim, "He was a good man." But in the Church, for which he had labored from its weakness to its present position, he is missed, and the whole congregation is to-day in mourning. But at his earthly home, where so many of our ministers have received his hospitality, his loss cannot be estimated. The fragrance of his Christian example, and the many cups of blessing dispensed to others, will remain as enduring as life and memory. But our loss is an eternal gain to him. West Medway, Dec. 16, 1871. W. M.

Died, in Bozrah, Conn., Oct. 27, NANCY WHEELER, daughter of the late Erastus Standish.

Sister Wheeler had been a member of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Norwich, Conn., for a little more than two years, and was a consistent, earnest, and useful Christian. Her excellent qualities of mind and heart had endeared her to a large circle of friends, who deeply mourn their loss. Her departure was sudden and unexpected, but the midnight cry, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh," found her with her "lamp trimmed and burning." Why one so much beloved, and so much needed here, should be thus summoned away, is one of the inscrutable mysteries of Divine Providence. To her, death was, doubtless, gain. Jesus was with her in the parting hour, to give victory over death, and minister an abundant entrance into His everlasting kingdom. N. G. LIPPITT. Norwich, Conn.

Mrs. MARY M. FREEBORN died in Newport, Dec. 9, aged 82 years. She was an estimable woman, and a consistent member, for nearly half a century, of the Marlboro' Street Church. Her last days were full of suffering, which she bore with great patience. She welcomed death, in the assured hope of heaven.

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THE HERALD.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 25, 1871.

TERMS, \$2.50 per year. Clergymen, \$2—in advance.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—All leaded articles, not credited to other journals, are original.

Every article must be accompanied by the name of the author, for the use of the editor, not for publication.

Articles published with the names of the authors are not necessarily expressive of the views of this journal.

Obituaries must be sent within three months of the death of the persons described; marriages and deaths within three weeks of their occurrence.

Will each subscriber be kind enough to look at the figures on his paper, and if it has not been paid to Jan. 1, 1872, he will confer a favor by forwarding the amount due. If some should receive bills, they will please consider it a gentle reminder of their indebtedness.

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BISHOP BAKER.

The fourth Bishop out of nine has died since the last session of the General Conference. This event comes nearer to us, in location, than any of its sad predecessors. It has occurred in the centre of our own territory, and in the person of one who especially represented our own Conferences in the Episcopal Board. Last Wednesday, at 11 o'clock in the morning, at his home in Concord, N. H., Bishop Baker calmly fell asleep in Jesus. His sickness was contracted five years ago, on the highlands of Colorado, as he was journeying by stage to meet the Conference at Denver. The strain of the work, and the severity of the trip, combined with the rarity of the atmosphere, in giving that stroke of paralysis, from which he never recovered. He sank slowly and sweetly into his rest. His benignant smile beamed on many a Conference, camp-meeting, and Church assembly, even after his voice had become almost inaudible, and his arms, outstretched in benedictions, dropped blessings, as from full hands, when only the motion of his lips was visible.

Osmen Cleander Baker was born in Marlow, N. H., July 30, 1812. His father was Dr. Isaac Baker, an eminent physician. He came to Wilbraham Seminary, at the age of fifteen years, and was there converted to God. His associates were such men as Miner Raymond, Jefferson Hascall, David Patten, and others well known, subsequently, in the Church and the nation. His calm and sunny nature, by the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost, grew calmer and sunnier. He entered into the rest of faith at the beginning of his Christian life, and abode in this land of Beulah until he crossed the river.

He followed Dr. Fisk to Middletown, where he entered in 1830, one of its earliest students, and where he graduated with honor. As soon as he left college, he went to Newbury Seminary, where he soon became Principal, serving in this chair successfully for five years, when he entered the more regular work of the ministry, held appointments at Rochester and Manchester, became Presiding Elder for one year, and was transferred, in 1847, to the Biblical Institute, then just established at Concord, N. H. Here he labored with his chief, Rev. Dr. Dempster, and his associates, Profs. Vail, Merrill, and Patten, in laying the foundations of our theological educational system, which has since so largely developed in our own and other lands, and is certain of extension over all the world.

In 1852, in the Bromfield Street Church, Boston, he was elected, and ordained a Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Bishops Scott, Ames, and Simpson were chosen with him. The superintendency had become reduced to only three incumbents, Bishops Morris, Waugh, and James, the last of whom alone was really effective. A reinforcement was even more needed than at the present time, and four men, in the vigor of their days, were added to the Bench. Of these, Bishop Baker was the youngest, Bishop Scott the oldest. The latter yet survives in comfortable age, and with ability to do fair service yet, while the former was exhausted by his labors comparatively early; so that the argument, so current to-day, for young Bishops, is not, from this experiment, all together on one side.

His gentle spirit, his even temper, his courteous manners, his cultivated mind, seemed to especially fit him for his position. His work on the Discipline, since become almost a standard authority in Church decisions, showed that he had also an especial training for his post, such as few, if any of his coadjutors could command. Yet this wear and tear of the office was too much for his sensitive spirit, and its burdens began to tell even on his vigorous frame. He was popular in the Cabinet, not slow, nor fast in movement; genial and accessible, and exceedingly beloved by his friends. His services were confined to this country, he never having officially visited our trans-Atlantic or trans-Pacific work. He was of portly frame, well proportioned, of comely features, a man to look upon.

His course is done, and well done. The sixth of our Bishops born in New England, the second of those who resided here after their election, he was not unlike his predecessor, Bishop Hedding, in the build of his character. With less of "the manly thews that throw the world," he had more of the gentleness that prevents the need of wrestling. Cast in less stormy times, ecclesiastically, he carried himself calmly and steadily on his appointed current. He had a warm heart for all true reforms, approving of every right step forward, disliking slavery, caste, and every kindred abomination, desiring the incoming of the laity into the Councils of the Church, heartily endorsing all movements for the enlargement of our educational, and other work. He approved himself, in all things, a wise advisor and guide.

He was a man of deep humility. He never thought of himself more highly than he ought to think, not highly enough. He underrated his powers, and refrained from the fullest exercise of his best qualities, through a modesty that was almost timidity. Yet when consulted, his judgment was rarely at fault, and his wise sense easily discerned the better way out of the dilemmas that might have distracted less judicious minds.

His life was spent in his native State, except when securing an education, conducting the Vermont Seminary, or attending his Episcopal duties. It was his birth-place, and his home. It has become his grave. He entered its Conference a youth, he occupied its stations, rural and city, he traveled its district, he taught in its capital, he dwelt there as Bishop. Its bleak hills blossomed into his sunny nature. Its rugged force changed into his meek and quiet spirit. He loved it for its opposites to himself, as well as for those meadows among the hills, those lawns and banks of beauty that girt its winding Merrimack, which not inaptly resemble; himself in its steadfast and even flow. He will slumber as calmly as he has lived in his chosen city, by the side of its slumbering stream.

His last, long sickness has been cheerfully borne. His closing talks, like all his experience, were full of faith, hope, love; these three, but the greatest of these was love. He uttered no directly dying words: unconsciousness, the slumber of death, preventing such expressions; but for one who has lived all his days in an atmosphere of peace, death is only a like calm of heaven.

His wife, a gracious lady, the sister of Mrs. Dr. Miner and Mrs. Rev. Chester Field, of superior parts both of person and character, has proved a worthy helpmeet of her husband. With her adopted daughter, the wife of Rev. Mr. Pitcher, of Lawrence, she mourns her great bereavement. Yet they sorrow not as others who have no hope, for they know that he sleeps in Jesus, and when He cometh that he will assuredly come with Him. The Church has had and will have many high ecclesiastics in the many departments of her vast and varied service; but no one of them has ever surpassed or will surpass in consistency of character, courtesy of spirit, calmness of deportment, clearness of faith, or warmth of devotion, her last lost, and not least loved child, Bishop Baker. The gatherings that have witnessed his gracious smile, will feel a dark cloud resting upon them as they miss that beatific presence. But long will he be remembered with affection as "the beloved Bishop."

SUPERNATURAL SELECTION.

No small stir has been made in the scientific and theological world by the Darwinian theory of natural selection. The principle is doubtless true, and of the greatest practical importance. It has been misunderstood and brought into contempt by many crude and foolish conclusions that have been attached to it by men of theorizing propensities; but we accept the original unperverted principle as a precious discovery, if a formulated statement of facts long known can be dignified as a discovery.

The principle, as applied to the physical organism of plants and animals, is concisely expressed, simply this:

"the fittest survive, the defective perish." Such is shown to be nature's law in the history of every species. Defective plants die out, the strong and healthy become the progenitors of others, and the same is true of all animate life.

We are not aware that any scientific man has impeached this law of injustice and severity, or suggested that it dims the lustre of the Creator's goodness. On the other hand, as far as our knowledge extends, they all unite in testifying to its general benevolence, and deduce from it an argument in favor of God's essential love for his works. All of this we accept most gladly. But we propose to go further, and open on these scientific men, who deny the facts of the Old Testament, and some of the fundamental doctrines of Revelation, grape and canister from their own guns. We propose to flank their entrenched positions, and enfilade their infidelities with their own principles.

They boast it is their province to study the Book of Nature, and unfold its teachings, and affect to despise the horrible traditions of an unscientific age, as they term the Bible, as unworthy their notice. Far be it from us to underestimate the facts of nature. The Book of Nature, rightly interpreted, is as valid a text-book as the Book of Revelation. They may treat of distinct departments of Divine Science, but they are the product of one author.

Now what we propose to show is that Nature and Revelation agree in this law of selection. For the sake of distinction we give them different titles. We call the principle in the Bible "supernatural selection," and give the principle in Nature the familiar title of "natural selection."

We generalize our principle from the facts of the Bible and History in precisely the same manner as Darwin generalizes his from the facts of nature.

We read in Genesis of a Deluge. It is there stated in express terms, that universal or localized humanity was swept away by the direct interposition of Providence. Why? *Because they were not fit to live.* Through sin, they had become so abandoned and degenerate, that they had lost the power of propagating anything good. Their children were so deeply infected with vice, both in body and soul, as to be beyond recovery, and the continuance of such a race would only propagate a curse, and fill perdition. God sought their rescue through the preaching of Noah, but there was too little of susceptible spirituality left to form the groundwork of repentance, and when patience was exhausted, and the uselessness of preaching repentance demonstrated, God applied his law of selection, "the fittest survive, the defective perish;" and saved Noah to continue the human family, and drowned them.

Sodom is another illustration of "supernatural selection." The Sodomites had brutalized themselves to the condition of devils. Their name is a synonym for vice. They had a better pattern in Lot, but him they scorned as an old fogey. It was no mercy to continue such a people, and God again applied his principle of selection. The angels looked after Lot; the fire and water devoured the rest.

We give one more Scriptural fact, to which the intelligent reader can add others without number, both from Scripture and history. The Canaanites dwelt in the land of Palestine. They had become hopeless idolaters. They were spiritually worthless. Superstition and lust had killed every spiritual susceptibility, as the frost destroys the genus of seed-life. God desired their land for a better stock. Applying the principle of selection, he commanded the Jews to slay them all, men, women, and children, that their degenerate blood might cease to pollute the earth, and people perdition. Is there anything inconsistent with benevolence in this law of "supernatural selection?" Do not the Books of Nature and Revelation teach the same lessons respecting the providence of God? If the principle of "natural selection" be wise, benevolent, and good, why not the concordant principle of "supernatural selection?"

Are they not both intended to prevent a greater evil? In the light of these facts, where is the ground in reason or benevolence for the howl of infidelity over the Deluge, and the destruction of the Canaanites as the act of God? Does not God's benevolence demand it to restrict greater misery? Is it not true, and rationally so, that in the sphere of spirit-life, God does establish a general law, that the incorrigibly corrupt should cease to propagate any more their kind, just as in physical life he eliminates the physically weak, and continues the better blood? It would certainly be a benevolent principle that the hopelessly depraved should not propagate hopeless depravity. Let every family, community, or nation reach that state of spiritual imbecility wherein the capacity to feel the force of redemptive agencies is swept away, and it is truly a mercy to exterminate the stock. True, this is an extreme case, yet we are not so

sure it is not reached in experience. A deeper insight into the laws of the reproduction of species points to the conclusion, with the force of moral certainty, that human beings can sink so low as to be beyond the reach of redemption, even that germs of spirituality seem to be destroyed, so that the Holy Spirit can find in the soul no hopeful point of contact. If this be true, and God knows it, we must adore the benevolence that puts an end to the reproduction of such a race. A faint glimpse of this law of selection, led wisely to incorporate in Methodist theology the dogma of the destruction of the race in Adam, but for the redemptive force, of the cross. If this be true, the converse must also be true; when man loses the capacity to be influenced by those redemptive forces, he should be cut off. "Supernatural selection" will have a final vindication at the judgment. The absolutely fit shall survive, and the absolutely unfit perish. So says the loving Jesus. "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." This is the law of the Judgment Day. May we all be fitted to survive, and grow in the genial soil of heaven.

THE LAST DAY.

Every one thinks some time on the last day. It is wrought into the consciousness, history, and literature of man. As the oldest mythologies copy the Sacred Scriptures in giving man a beginning, so they imitate them in ascribing him an end. Now and then a man arises in the light of Christendom, blind enough to assert the everlasting perpetuity of the human race upon the earth. But the ocean currents of human conviction flow steadily towards the final abyss. "Thou turnest man" as a race to destruction, and sayest, "Return, ye children of men."

Every day warns us of this event. It comes to an end. Every hour and moment is equally faithful. The capacity to mark time, the very consciousness of time, are proofs of the end of the race. Eternity should be without conscious note of time. It would be infinitely burdensome to count the seconds of ages. When we are blissfully employed, we lose this consciousness. Pain makes seconds into years. Pleasure obliterates years, as well as seconds.

"When we are pleasantly employed, time flies." The last day is vividly brought to mind in the closing day of the year. It is the terminus of a long journey. The earth has gone over a path almost six hundred millions of miles long. "She has struck the very point from which she started. Not a hair's breadth, not a mathematical conception does it fall in accuracy. "It goeth about continually, and returneth again, according to its circuits." Its return marks a unit of measure for the Greater Year, the Year of Earth and Time. We stand on this point between the two unbounded seas of eternity, and look upon ourselves, our past, our future.

"We take no note of time,
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Were wise in man."

That tongue speaks to you to-day. "It is the last time," cries the apostle. It was. No time of a diverse sort has succeeded that in which he lived. We are in that very age, the age of the Holy Ghost. The same dispensation of God under which he acts, we act under. "It is the last time." But this last day of this last year, this last time is especially noticeable at this moment. Eighteen hundred and seventy-one years have rolled over the earth since Christ wept the first tears in sympathy with a fallen race, to whose company, condition and doom He had voluntarily subjected Himself. The last of these many years has gone. It had its blisses and its banes, its life and death, its sin, and its salvation. Have you repented of those sins? Have you secured the salvation? Blessed are the promises to the sin-sick soul. "Happy are ye that mourn, for ye shall be comforted;" "ye shall!" The Lord is Lord of grief and gladness. He kills, and makes alive. Hasten to Him. Lay the burdens of the year on Him. Implore grace for the year to come. It may usher you into the world unseen. May it usher you into the world of glory. That word means brightness, joy, peace, all springing from purity. Seek that purity here and now. Seek it ere this year shall end. Seek it in the Blood that cleanseth; seek it with all your heart, and you shall find. May the last day of this year find you in that state in which you shall wish the last day of life to find you, happy and holy in the Lord your Redeemer. If you have neglected this great salvation to this hour, let "the last day!" ring in your ears. "The Last Day! The Last Day." That last day is at hand. It may be this day. It will be some day. You are full of business. Are you about your Father's business? You are full of pleasure. Do you do the things well-pleasing unto the Lord? You are after honor. Are you rejoicing in the fulfillment of that promise, "Whosoever

will serve Me, him will My Father honor?" You are young. Is God the guide of your youth? You are old. Is He your portion in age, your portion forever? Come to Christ while it is called to-day. This last day. Let it be the last of your sin, your neglect, your unregenerate state. To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts?

"Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before His bar your spirit bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
Now God invites, how blest the day,
How sweet the Gospel's welcome sound;
Come, sinner, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found."

THE SCHOLARLESSNESS AND CHRISTLESSNESS OF CORNELL.

[The following letter speaks for itself. It is from Prof. Field, of the Oneida Conference Seminary, son of the late Rev. Chester Field, of this city.]

I have recently had a very interesting conversation with a gentleman who has spent some time in Ithica, N. Y., and had an excellent opportunity to witness the workings of Cornell University. His statements confirmed so completely the position you have often taken with reference to this institution, that I cannot refrain from communicating a few of them to you. To illustrate the effect which this strife after the practical in education has, my informant stated that he found on visiting the Freshman class in Latin, only 20 out of more than 200 students, pursuing this study, while the class in Greek had but six members. And this, notwithstanding the influence which we might suppose the appointment of two such eminent scholars as Drs. Flagg and Peck to the classical professorships would have. The whole tendency of things there is to degrade classical studies in the estimation of the students. The method of teaching in all the departments is mainly by lectures, with fortnightly examination, while such a course would be well adapted to advanced students, and those pursuing past-graduate courses; yet we all know how ineffective it must be to secure well-disciplined minds and accurate scholarship among those whose preparatory training is little above that of the common school.

But it is not of the intellectual, so much as of the religious character of the institution, that I wished to write. My friend called it "a godless institution." The whole atmosphere of the place, he said, was hostile to religion. The professors neglect no opportunity to manifest their opposition to Christianity, and its most sacred beliefs. In a recent lecture on "Enthusiasm," one of them took occasion to say some very bitter words against revivals of religion. The attendance on their morning religious services, which is entirely voluntary, ranges from six to fifty, but a mere fraction of the school paying any regard to religious matters. The students seem to be under no disciplinary control, but are wandering about the town at all hours of the day and night. A pious father of Ithica whose son has just entered the University, said he would under no consideration have his son there if he could prevail upon him to go to any other institution.

The present Freshman class is said to number something over 200, but it is a suggestive fact that the greater portion of these are those who have received appointments from the various districts of the State, and who hold together State scholarships. The true character of the institution must become well known, and all who value true religion and sound culture, will withhold from it their confidence and countenance.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler is getting converted to women preaching, and almost to women voting, especially if they preach and vote in the pretty Quaker bonnets, with prettier Quaker faces beneath them. Speaking of the revival of pure religion among this people, he says in the *Evangelist*—

"A new baptism seemed to have descended upon the faithful brotherhood and sisterhood, for Quakerism puts woman alongside of man in the government of the Church, and the ministrations of the pulpit. The two sexes sit side by side on the 'elders' bench,' whence the discourses of the sanctuary are delivered."

They held a meeting in Brooklyn when these talking sisters captured him thusly: why they ain't as good for Presbyterians as for Quakers, he will find it hard to say. They have taken our hymns, let us take their hers.

"On Monday evening last, I listened to a doctrinal discourse, by Sarah F. Smiley (the author of an able treatise on the Divinity of Christ), which for soundness of doctrine and chaste elegance of expression, was worthy of Dr. Adams or Dr. Hall. Her use of Scripture was remarkable. And offensive as the public speech of woman is, from the 'Victoria Woodhull' tribe, yet it seems the most natural thing in the world, when a modest Quakeress utters, with gentle sweetness, the dear old 'mother tongue' of Zion from under her immacu-

late white bonnet. The discourses of Mrs. Talbot and Mrs. Frame melted their audience to tears. One of these refined women has not hesitated to go into dram-shops and haunts of iniquity, to plead with the most reckless and abandoned! Her missions of love have been greatly blessed. In these days of dearth and dead-ness, of self-indulgence and worldly conformity, God bless all earnest men and women who "feel a concern on their minds" to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, and to save sinners! Clear as is my own judgment against the introduction of female preaching into our Presbyterian assemblies for worship, yet I am equally sure that if the men remain sluggish and silent, our godly women will soon feel a tremendous temptation to speak out. I confess that it is rather "trying" to sit in a prayer-meeting, and listen to a dull drone, when we are perfectly certain that his *better half* has forgotten more than her heavy-headed husband ever knew. There is not much danger that we Presbyterians shall be disturbed, either for the better or worse, very soon by female preaching—but it is certain that it would be no great hardship, if the Lord should send us a few *Elizabeth Frys*.

PROGRESS OF METHODISM.—The *Methodist Recorder* [says our English correspondent] publishes an article, accompanied by some statistical returns, showing the progress of Methodism since Mr. Wesley's death. The object aimed at, is to show that, though there may have been occasional periods of retrogression, the general tendency has been in the direction of progress. It is rather a remarkable fact, that the first decrease in the membership was reported to the last Conference which Wesley attended. This decrease was rather a startling one, amounting to about one seventh of the entire number of members. When Wesley died, he left a membership of 58,600. The eighty annual returns which have since been published, show sixty-three years in which an increase has been reported, and seventeen in which there was a decrease. The last fifteen years have witnessed an increase of members, greater with one exception than any similar period in the history of Methodism. In the annual address of the Conference to the assemblies, the subject of this decrease of members, and other indications of the need of revival were touched on, and the address remarks:—

"Where, then, are we to look for the causes of lessened spiritual vitality and feebler evangelistic action? Is not one of them to be found in that excessive devotion to secular business which absorbs the whole week-day life of some of you, leaving you little time for private or family devotion, and none for the week-evening services; and which by the time that Sunday returns has dissipated all your energies, so that you are indisposed for any Christian work, even on that day? Is not another of them discernible in the increase of luxury, and of self-indulgence; of habits foreign to the 'hardness' which befits the good soldier of Jesus Christ, and indisposing you to works of faith, and labors of love? And may not a third be detected in the growing desire for amusement on the part of another section of you; such as, both in the degree to which you indulge it, and in the questionable directions which it takes, is sadly at variance as well with the ethics of the New Testament, as with our Methodist traditions? At the same time, it is admitted that the preachers have come short, 'both in preaching and living.'"

This address is remarkable throughout for its simplicity and directness, and was written by the Rev. Robert Newton Young, whose father was a Wesleyan minister, and once President of the Conference. Mr. Young received the baptismal name of the celebrated Dr. Newton, and we must say that he wears it honorably.

George Francis Train "the next President of the United States," issues a paper called the *Train Ligue*, which is to have a circulation from one to one hundred millions. Everybody goes for him. Parse "for." He lately addressed the negroes in Memphis, and this is the way the official "journal reports that royal" progress.

A DARK SHADOW.

Having for the thousandth time declared he would be the next President of the United States, he told his colored brethren that it was quite evident that some influence had been at work to keep numbers of their race away from the meeting that night, when I only charged you ten cents, and the other night I charged a dollar. Can any of you colored men tell me the reason of this?

A colored citizen—Because you called us "cocoanuts" in the newspapers. (Roars of laughter.)

"COCOANUTS"—A STUMPER.

Mr. Train—What! When did I call you that? Was that in the *Avalanche*?

Colored citizen—No, sir. It was in the *Appeal*, (Renewed laughter.)

Mr. Train—(dumbfounded). In the *Appeal*, did you say?

Colored citizen—Yes, sir.

Mr. Train—I never called you such names. Ah, here is Mr. Mulroy. (The *Appeal* reporter.) Stop one minute. Mr. Mulroy, did I call those colored people "cocoanuts" in the *Appeal*?

Judge Mulroy—Yez did it in a funny way, be way of illustration. Yez was sphakin ov cocoanuts and petaties. Ooh, go on wid your sphakin and lave me alone.

The Universalist is lifted up above measure. It says, we have made the discovery that no one is more "astute than the editor of *The Universalist*," and it grows quite excited over the compliment. We added these insignificant words, "among Universalist minds." He will have to confine his self-approval within this rather narrow limit, for broad as is the faith of Universalism, its advocates are few. He unfortunately displays less astuteness in saying, that his declaration of the necessity of the doctrine of endless misery to the orthodox scheme, was an "allegation" on his part, but not "a confession." The difference he may perceive, but no reader can. It is too astute for ordinary minds. This was the assertion, call it "allegation," "confession," or what you will: "Those who came after him [Murray] said that when the doctrine of endless misery was eliminated from orthodoxy, the whole went to pieces." That is a "confession," as we said, that the system of orthodoxy is inseparably joined with this doctrine, and that the Universalists had to rearrange all the system when they struck out that truth. *The Universalist* should confess its confession, and stand up to it.

An attempt is made in *The Protestant Churchman* to explain the Bishop's decision on baptismal regeneration conformable to Scripture and common sense. That opinion read, "the word Regenerate is not so used in the service as to determine that a moral change in the subject is wrought by that sacrament." The hinge, this writer thinks, is on the word "determine," and not "moral character." One of the bishops said, "I know no other sense of regeneration in the Word of God than a change of heart." If any regenerating change takes place, it must be that sort. But they say baptism does not determine any such change. So far they are right. They avoid saying whether it does or does not effect any. It is left undetermined. Such a view is favorable to the low churchman. It is a good way out of a dilemma which they never ought to have got into.

THE MASSACHUSETTS TEMPERANCE ALLIANCE.—The Mass. Temperance Alliance is carrying forward its work more vigorously than ever. It has fourteen men employed in addressing temperance meetings, introducing the pledge into Sabbath and public schools, etc. Two days last week it had seventeen men in the field. An agent is now carrying the pledge through the public schools of Worcester. The Alliance has now carried the pledge into fifteen hundred public schools, and seven hundred Sabbath-schools. Under the management of its officers, a series of conventions are now being held in the State. Next month the Alliance will call a mass State Temperance Convention, to discuss all the topics connected with Total Abstinence and Prohibition.

A petition signed by a large number of highly influential citizens, is about to be presented to the Legislature of this Commonwealth, praying that a law be enacted, regulating the appointment of engineers employed in running Stationary, Marine, or Locomotive Engines in this State, with a view to the prevention of those accidents of which there have been so many lamentable instances during the past year or two. We think it high time that such a movement be inaugurated, and are happy to state that we have an engineer on our establishment who is not afraid to be a prime mover in this right direction. We heartily endorse the petition, and hope it may meet with the success which it deserves.

Middletown issues a fine catalogue, with eleven professors and one hundred and sixty-three students, more than we remember ever to have seen before in her catalogue. She makes a goodly show in buildings, libraries, students, officers, and influence. Few colleges have achieved her reputation in her years, or none surpassed her.

Tweed did not stay long in jail. Five thousand dollars was all that was asked for a twenty million dollar thief. "The Seventy," who are to purge New York, have already allowed several of their number to take the fat places, from which they expelled the rascal ring. They will soon be in the same boat, or in another boat of the same sort. "The short-lived virtue" dies away.

A watch-meeting of all the Evangelical Churches in the South End, will be held at the Tremont Street Church, next Sabbath evening, and a prayer-meeting every subsequent morning of the next week.

The Atlantic Almanac is a comely annual, with large pictures, taken from illustrated books, and selections of readable matter. The former names, that put their genius into this production, are not present, but the book is still the first of the almanacs.

SHALL THEY TURN ASIDE?—Forty-one young men studying for the ministry in our New England schools, are dependent upon immediate aid from the benevolent to enable them to go on. They are all endorsed by their Quarterly Conferences, and recommended by their pastors and instructors. They are in all stages of advancement, from the academic to the theological grade. Shall they be abandoned to the seductive offers of the business world, or shall they be saved to the Church, and to the ministry of the Lord Jesus?

Seven hundred dollars are needed at once. Contributions may be sent to Rev. Edward Otheman, of Chelsea, or left with James P. Magee, esq., Boston. Who will be the first to bid these struggling young brethren go on. Churches that neglect to take up their annual collection for these wards of our Education Society are drying up the fountains of their own future pulpit supply. Let every church in New England do something for this important work, and do it now. And let not individuals wait for the Church.

W. F. WARREN.

Last week's *New York Advocate* has a just and able leader against the resolution of the State Methodist Convention, disapproving of appropriations for sectarian schools. That resolve will yet return to plague the inventors. It was not right. The State should exercise its judgment on all such cases. If, as *The Advocate* says, it goes wrong, reform it, but do not abolish it. A like resolution was introduced in our Educational Convention, and partially adopted, but was reconsidered and rejected. The State in all ages has helped Church education. It probably will in all ages to come. Refusal to do it, gives education to the infidels, who get help on the plea that they are not sectarian, as Cornell has done, and Harvard, while the best schools are unaided. Better help the College of the Holy Cross than Cornell; better Christ, with Mary and the Pope even, than no Christ at all. The article was timely, and the Convention next year should rescind its very erroneous and dangerous resolve.

The *Atlantic* for January is wonderful. If it were so all the year, the soup would be altogether too rich. So it waters it in other months. Think of Longfellow, Parton, Hawthorne, Bret Harte, Holmes, Bayard Taylor, and Howells, all in one number, and all at their best. Hawthorne's is in one of his best moods, sad, profound; the battle of Lexington, and a dreamer over the brevity and nothingness of life in the heart of it. It is a requiem on the vanity of life, an epitaph for his own tombstone, curiously hidden away, as if he himself meant to make it a sort of post-mortem autobiography. Longfellow is sweet on Lady Wentworth, the scion, who became the Governor's wife; Parton is sturdy on Jefferson; Holmes is witty and wicked, but not quite so wicked or so witty as of yore. If he becomes a fool, he may become a Christian, which is the only way to become one for such chaps, who prefer an epigram to a confession of their utter helplessness. Even Prof. Fiske is a little more decent than usual, and does not trace all the Bible to his barbaric myths. The Echo Club is a poor stick. Its wordy imitations of great masters are cheap and poor. Anybody could do most of them.

The best place for our ministers, or anybody else who want to get English and foreign books cheap, is to order them of N. Tibbals & Son, No. 37 Park Row, New York. They have an immense stock of all sorts of books, and are constantly getting more. If you go to New York, wander amazed in their store-house. If you don't go and want anything, let them know, and they'll get for you as cheaply and quickly as anybody this side or the other.

"Incidents and Anecdotes of Father Taylor," will be out this week. It is a duodecimo volume, about four hundred and fifty pages, with two steel portraits and wood engravings. It is made up almost entirely of incidents and anecdotes, gives the famous preacher as he lived and talked. A large edition is already exhausted. The book will be given as a premium for only two new subscribers and five dollars. Anybody can easily obtain that number by a slight effort.

HOLIDAY GIFTS.—Mr. Prang is offering great attractions to the public in his beautiful Chromos. What can be more acceptable for a Christmas or New Year's gift than a picture that associates one with the masters of Art? Landscapes in great variety after Bricher, Niles, Bierstadt, Bonheur, and others. Madonnas, children, portraits, games, costumes, fruits and flower pieces, birds, animals, cards, mottoes, book-marks, etc., to suit all tastes. In clearness of outline, and in the most delicate tints and shadings it is thought by good judges that Mr. Prang's Chromos are the most creditable yet produced in America. We advise all who wish to purchase to enquire for them.

The world moves. We cut the following from the *Troy Daily Times*, which clearly demonstrates the progress and superiority of many of our American manufactures. The firm mentioned have not only sent their bells to all parts of our own country, but it seems that the sound of their "sweet-toned bells" has penetrated the land that commenced making bells two thousand years before the Christian era.

"Messrs. Meneely & Kimberly of this city have just forwarded three bells of considerable size to Shanghai, China. Bells have been known and used in China for at least four thousand years, and it is an evidence of the progress of American manufacture that we are called upon to supply that country in any part with articles of this character."

Over 12,000 dealers in different parts of the country and the Dominion, sell Briggs and Brothers Seeds. Their establishment at Rochester has over 62,000 feet of flooring, and from 200 to 300 persons, according to the season, are employed in packing and putting up the Flower and Vegetable Seeds, which they send by mail to all parts of the country. It takes six presses in constant use to print labels alone; upwards of \$40,000 worth of paper is used annually in the manufacture of bags for Seeds, etc. See their advertisement.

The *Register* does not quote the verses we so generously supplied it with. It only says rather feebly and mystically for it, even:—

"Methodist enmity towards the Mohammedans is not quite so far-fetched as Free Religious friendship for the Buddhists, but both will answer to show that religionists, as well as schoolmasters, are sometimes 'abroad.'"

Did that "boomerang just miss the point," *Sir Reister*?

We understand that fifteen thousand copies of Beecher's "Life of Jesus" have already been sold in New England alone. This testifies the popularity of the theme, the book, and the writer. The circulation of *The Christian Union* is rapidly extending in all parts of the country. Henry A. Ford, 11 Bromfield Street, Boston, is the agent for New England.

PERSONAL.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Woodbury, of Salem, N. H., lately celebrated their silver wedding. Mr. Woodbury is a brother of Charles Woodbury, of Grace Church, in this city, and has held offices of trust from his townsmen and Church. Before he ever saw his wife, or dreamed of silver weddings, we sold goods with him behind a Boston counter. Now, he rejoices in silver in his pocket, in his hair, and in his wedding; golden in one of these particulars, we wish him to become golden in them all. A large company, many presents, and a good time characterized the wedding of the wise brother who exchanged merchandise for a farm, and dry goods for Durham cattle. He has found the past pleasant; may the future be so, far more exceedingly.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of H. W. Bowen, esq., and wife, a most worthy couple, was celebrated in the vestry of Winthrop Street Church, on the evening of the 20th. A large company was present, among whom were a number of artisans from the organ-factory of Messrs. Hook and Hastings, of which Mr. Bowen is superintendent, who brought a beautiful silver tea-service, with a congratulatory letter from the firm, covering a check for \$100. Mr. John Newton on behalf of the Washington Lodge of Masons, presented an elegant clock. Mrs. Upham presented Mrs. Bowen, in behalf of the ladies of the Church, with a silver cake-basket of rare design, and a number of spoons; and the teachers of the school, of which Mr. Bowen is assistant superintendent, presented him, through Mr. S. F. Stetson, with twenty dollars in silver. Remarks were made by Rev. S. F. Upham, who read the address of the artisans; and an admirable poem by Mr. W. R. Bowen, brother of the recipient, was read. A bountiful collation closed this most agreeable occasion.

Mrs. Olive N. Robinson, of Chicago, is engaged in speaking for the Fair for the North End Mission. She is a valuable accession to this force.

Mary Thompson, M. D., of Chicago, is engaged in a rare work, even for Chicago. A hospital for women and children which she had established, and which had relieved several thousand, was utterly burnt out. She is soliciting funds in this vicinity. The general relief, and the Church relief having been handsomely attended to, this help for special cases comes naturally before us. She wants \$5,000 for immediate help to distressed women and children. She should have it, and more.

Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen is to have an organ given him by his English friends, for his sacred music. It is to be first used at the Brahmo-Somaj festival, next month, in Calcutta. He is getting the instruments and music of the Church—he may soon get her hymns and faith.

THE DEATH AND FUNERAL OF BISHOP BAKER.

Bishop Baker had been failing gradually ever since his attack five years ago. The last few months he had been steadily sinking. Still, he was enabled to go out, and to take interest in private and public affairs. Two Sundays before he died he went to church. Returning home, his wife entered the door before him; he stepped on the threshold, but could not balance himself; stepped back, and fell backwards against the gate. He arose with difficulty, and was very feeble for a day or two. Getting a little stronger, he walked out Thursday. Friday morning he arose, partially dressed himself, and attempted to go down stairs. He was not able to walk. His wife got him on the bed, which he never left. He was paralyzed on one side. He soon became unable to talk, though his same smile covered his face, and he lingered in that state until Wednesday, —

"Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed."

To all questions concerning his state he cheerfully responded. He sank into a comatose state, and on Wednesday, at eleven o'clock, breathed his last breath.

Rev. Eliza Adams took charge of the funeral. Rev. Eleazer Smith offered prayer at his house. The funeral proper occurred at the church, on Saturday, which was hung in evergreens and crape. A large company of ministers was present; among them a deputation from the Boston Preachers' Meeting, consisting of Rev. Drs. Patten and Warren, Revs. Messrs. Manning, Upham, and Haven. Rev. Messrs. Manson and Drew read the hymns, Rev. Mr. Kellogg the Scriptures, Rev. G. Haven offered prayer. Rev. Dr. Warren, representing the Theological Seminary, spoke with deep feeling of his relations to the cause of ministerial education, as president of the first theological school of our Church, who, in addition to administrative talents and service, had also given the Church an invaluable treatise on the Discipline. He dwelt briefly on his traits of character, and laid the funeral chaplet of grief and praise upon his bier.

Rev. Mr. Upham, President of the Boston Preachers' Meeting, pronounced a very feeling eulogy. Over all the land many are turning to this spot. The Church felt the loss of one so exalted. He first heard him at Middletown, and his sermon affected his whole course. He commended his character, and felt that all would say, "A prince hath fallen in Israel."

Rev. Eleazer Smith, Chaplain of the New Hampshire State Prison, related incidents of his early home. He remembered him from his infancy. As a little boy, he was beloved, mild, dutiful. His father, Dr. Isaac Baker, was a highly respected and successful physician. His mother was a woman of superior character. His father and mother were converted in 1826. Through this relation they became acquainted with Dr. Fisk, and the next year he was sent to Wilbraham, whom he also followed to Middletown. Dr. Fisk being asked how he succeeded, said he was doing well, but his studies were retarded by his love of souls. At the age of 18, he was accustomed to preach the Gospel in his native town, and always with great acceptance and success. He had been the most intimate with him of any man; for ten years hardly a day had passed that he had not met him. He could not recall a word of harshness, unkindness, impropriety; not a word that could not have been spoken in a public congregation. "It seemed to me —

'Eternal sunshine settled on his head.'

I asked him, a short time before his death, if he had any doubts. 'Not a doubt.' He was full of faith in the Lord Jesus. His wife asked him, 'Are you, and have you been through all these years fully reconciled to the will of God?' He answered, clearly, 'Yes.' 'Are you resting in comfort in the assurance of future life in Jesus?' With greater emphasis, he answered, 'Yes.' May we copy his example, breathe the same sweet and loving spirit till our change come."

Rev. Dr. Patten, his classmate, said, in substance, he felt more to-day, than yesterday, that his proper place is among the mourners. Bishop Baker was to him more than friend, he was an endeared brother. More than forty-three years ago we met. Acquaintance ripened into the strongest friendship. We met at the Seminary in Wilbraham late in the year 1828.

"In the March following we knelt side by side; together we wept for our sins, together consecrated our lives to the service of the Divine Redeemer, and together rose rejoicing in the same salvation. We went to Middletown together, roomed, studied, prayed together, together received authority to preach the Gospel, and together went out to school-houses, and more pretentious places of worship, to preach Christ.

"For fourteen years we dwelt in the same city, often taking sweet counsel together. How then can I fail to feel as if death had entered my own home circle!

"I knew and valued him as a friend, a true friend. His winning qualities of mind and heart drew around

him thousands in the seminary and in the ministry, who delighted to call him friend. I knew him as a student. He was a model, quiet in his habits, assiduous in his studies. He inspired respect for his character and confidence that he must succeed. I knew him as a Christian. He was so exemplary in his deportment that many said he did not need the new birth; but he knew his own heart better. Well I recollect when he bowed in penitence, and exulted in salvation. Often have I seen him in those hours of his early religious experience, his countenance radiant with the light of heavenly joy, and shouts of joy bursting from his lips. His piety was intelligent, uniform, unassuming, deep-toned, and pure. His character was above reproach."

Dr. Patten also alluded to the Bishop in his professional and Episcopal relations, and closed with a touching tribute to his memory.

His address was exceedingly affectionate, and impressed the whole audience. The choir sang a choice piece choicely, the audience looked on the face, less pleasant than usual, but not painful to gaze upon. The ministers followed the body on foot to the cemetery, where the funeral services were read by Rev. J. Pike, and the body laid away in the tomb awaiting the resurrection of the just, among whom it will be sure to appear. He leaves two daughters, one Mrs. Pitcher, by mistake called an adopted daughter on the editorial page; his three oldest children having died in childhood. His name and memory will long cheer the region that he has honored and blessed with his holy character and eminent service.

The Boston Preachers' met on Monday, Dec. 25th, and after appropriate addresses from Rev. G. F. Cox, and Rev. Dr. Patten, adopted unanimously the following Minutes:—

Again the voice of God is heard in our Church, summoning one of his chief servants from the labors of earth to the rest of heaven. We bow before this solemn decree, acknowledging that we are as nothing in His sight, and that for our sins we are justly consumed. We recall the character and conduct of our revered father in God, Bishop Baker, with especial gratitude to our Creator, Saviour, and Sanctifier, that He was pleased to endow him with such attractive qualities of nature, and to enlarge and beautify them with the fullness of His Spirit. From his youth he was a child of God. He gave himself without reserve to His holy service. He exulted in His salvation, with exceeding great joy. He prepared himself diligently for the highest work of earth, the ministry of our Lord Jesus Christ. He labored faithfully in every sphere to which the Master called him in His Church, whether as teacher, preacher, professor, presiding elder, or bishop. He was not depressed by any lowliness of position, or exalted by any loftiness. He wore his highest honors with artless simplicity. He was of the same sunny faith, and calm, sweet spirit, in trials as in triumphs; rejoiced evermore, and in everything gave thanks. We beseech the great Head of the Church, who, within less than two years has removed from earth almost half of our Board of Bishops, to sanctify these providences to the spiritual good of all our ministers and members. May these afflictive dispensations lead all of us to emulate their bright examples, and to exercise greater diligence in our holy calling.

It is especially worthy of note that Bishop Baker was the first of our Bishops who has died and been buried in New England. We trust that his tomb, which is with us, will be a preacher of that Gospel which renewed him in righteousness, gave him a life of spotless excellence and a death of joyful serenity; and that he being dead, will thus speak unto the redemption and sanctification of the land of his birth and death, and in whose bosom his form awaits a blissful resurrection. We implore the comforts of the Comforter on the stricken widow and her children, and pray that in the valley of the shadow of death where they are walking, they may feel that the rod and staff that supported their beloved, are their strength and joy.

We recommend that a memorial service to our beloved Bishop be held in this city, and that Revs. Messrs. Clarke, Patten, Hare, Haven, and Upham, be a Committee to arrange for the same.

Mr. John N. Capen, janitor of Wesleyan Association building, was presented with a splendid silver pitcher, tray and goblet, by the tenants of the building, on Saturday afternoon, with the compliments of the season.

SILVER-TIPPED SHOES.—Shoes are an important item in the expense of clothing children, as every parent will understand. They invariably wear out their shoes at the toe first, and not unfrequently before the other parts are a quarter worn. Children's shoes with Silver or Copper tips never wear out at the toe, and last twice as long. Remember this. — *N. Y. Post.*

We have received from Messrs. Saville & Randolph, 39 Nassau Street, New York, two specimens of the chromo art, entitled "Easter Cross," and "Mother's Prayer." They are well executed, and show a delicacy of coloring, and completeness of finish which speak favorably for the productions of this house. As cheap chromos we can commend them to the attention of our readers.

The D. D.'s get this bit of Scripture in their faces from the French translation. As they are often as blissfully ignorant of French as of Latin, it won't hurt them much:—

"Et ne vous faites point appeler docteurs; Car vous n'avez qu'un Seul Docteur, qui est le Christ." Matt. xxiii. 10.

CONNECTICUT.

SOUTH MANCHESTER.—Rev. H. H. Martin writes: "God is blessing the people here. Saints have been quickened, and sinners saved. Eleven were baptized Nov. 5. Some have been added to the Church."

MAINE STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

The men and women of Maine, who practice total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, and who are in favor of the prohibition of their sale by legal enactments, are invited to meet in Mass Convention at Granite Hall, Augusta, Wednesday, Jan. 17, 1872, at 12 o'clock, noon, to consult upon the best measures to promote the cause of Temperance in the State.

While this Convention is not called in the interests of any political party, or religious creed, the fact is patent that there is great dissatisfaction among the old, long-tried, and leading friends of Temperance in the State, with the present aspect of the cause, and especially that those whose duty it is to enforce the Prohibitory Law should fail to do so. It is also the conviction that some necessary changes should be made in the law, and that measures should be taken to secure its more general and impartial enforcement.

The usual reduction of fares on the railroads may be expected.

The Convention will continue through the following day.

JOSHUA NYE,	} State
J. S. KIMBALL,	
D. B. RANDALL,	
E. W. MORTON,	
A. J. W. STEVENS,	} Temperance
	} Committee.

Dec. 8, 1871.

Rev. D. B. Randall adds the following earnest appeal to this call:—

To the Ministers and Members of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Maine:—

DEAR BRETHREN:—You will, I know, indulge me a moment, and not deem me obtrusive, while I address you once more upon a cause of so much importance to the triumph of pure religion in our State, and in the world.

We all are professedly Temperance men and women. As ministers we are not only total abstinents, but have been foremost in the Temperance movement. But are we doing all we can in this cause? Do we preach upon the subject? Do we exert our personal influence in private to discountenance the use of the lighter drinks, as they are termed, such as cider and wine, among our people? Is not cider drunk quite freely among the agricultural portion of our members, especially those who have orchards, and manufacture it? And is it not sold after fermentation, and consequently after it has become alcoholic, to be resold by retailer, and thereby engendering and fostering the appetite for stronger intoxicants? Are we all aware, and especially the generality of our membership, that fermented cider contains a large per cent. of absolute alcohol? And yet such is the fact.

I have in my possession an analysis of four different kinds of the "lighter drinks," by Dr. A. A. Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts. He says: "It (cider) contains 9.1-10 per cent. absolute alcohol; or 18.9-10 per cent. of spirit proof. One hundred gallons of this cider represents in alcoholic strength, 18.9-10 gallons of whiskey or rum."

One who drinks a quart of cider drinks nearly 1-5 of a quart of spirit, the strength of whiskey or rum. Can any one doubt but that the use of this drink creates a love for stronger drink? Is not wine manufactured by many of our members, from currants, blackberries, etc.? And is it not used in the domestic circle of those, especially in the higher circles of society? And is not wine, and sometimes brandy, used by those who have the pecuniary ability to do so, in some branches of cooking?

Dr. Hayes, above quoted, says: "Native wines, properly fermented, contain from 9 to 11 per cent. of absolute alcohol. Those met with in commerce contain from 15 to 19 per cent., a large part of which has been added to increase the total volume of spirits." This is the wine frequently drunk among the higher classes, to say nothing of the professedly imported wines, mostly a vile compound manufactured in this country. Are all our members free from this practice? Again, are we exciting all the open, active influence we can in this cause? What proportion of our membership is identified with any Temperance organization?

I know these are not so pleasant questions as might be proposed. And yet if we are all guiltless in the matter, they can do us no harm. It is, I think, a fact that cannot be successfully controverted, that there has been more rum selling and rum drinking in our State within the past year than at any time since the close of the war, if, indeed, we may make that exception. This drunkenness is mainly among the youth, or those under thirty. It is comparatively rarely that we see a man (except foreigners) drunk, who is above thirty or thirty-five years old. It is not unfrequently the case that boys even are found intoxicated. Are the youth of our families and congregations all free from this vice? "What will be the end of these things?" may well be asked.

The responsibility, in a great measure, lies at the door of the churches of Maine. Is it not so? The aggregate membership of the assumed evangelical churches of Maine is not far from 100,000, or nearly 1-6 of the population of the State. The Church is the great reformatory power. To her is committed especially the work of saving men. Does any one doubt that if the churches of Maine should take a decided, open, bold stand against the terrible evil of intemperance, she would succeed, by the blessing of God, in nearly or quite closing the rum-shops? But is she doing this? Is her voice uttered as it should be? I have reason to know that there is great apathy in the churches upon this subject. We are numerically, by several thousands, the largest denomination in the State, while, I believe, we have done as much, if not more, in this reform than any other. I think in examining the subject, we shall find we have come short of our whole duty in this regard.

Let us come to the rescue. Intemperance is sweeping over us like a flood. Something must be done, and that speedily, or the youth of our State will be engulfed in this ruin. In another column you will find a "call" for a State Temperance Convention. Shall we not, as a Church, be largely represented in that gathering? I trust that the deliberation of that Convention will give a new impetus to the cause in the State and that an old-fashioned Temperance revival may follow.

D. B. RANDALL.

KENDALL'S MILLS, Dec. 21, 1871.

THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, ORGAN OF THE Methodist Episcopal Church.

Rev. DANIEL CURRY, D. D.,
Editor.

Rev. W. H. DEPUY, D. D.,
Assistant Editor.

The Oldest, Most Widely Circulated, and
Most Largely Patronized Methodist
Weekly Journal in the
World.

While it makes no array of lists of contributors, no
religious Journal in the country exceeds it in
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ITY AND NUMBER OF ITS CORRESPOND-
ENTS, THE VARIETY AND FRESHNESS
OF ITS NEWS, OR THE NUMBER
OR UTILITY OF ITS VAR-
IOUS DEPARTMENTS.

It is sought for by the children as well as by adults,
and abounds in information fresh, attractive, and use-
ful to persons in every vocation of life.

Enlargement!

The Publishers announce that at the
commencement of the ensuing volume,
January 1, 1872, *The Christian Advocate*
will be greatly enlarged. The additional
space will be equal to more than sixteen
of our present columns, and will make
the *Advocate* considerably larger than any
paper, official or non-official, now pub-
lished in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

This increase of space will enable the
editors to extend the present departments
of the paper, and to add such new ones
as are demanded by the rapid growth and
improved condition of the Church. Among
the additions will be a *Sermon Depart-
ment*, which will contain discourses by
some of the ablest and best known min-
isters of our Church. We are quite sure
that this and other new features will be
exceedingly grateful to our readers. We
promise a volume of more than usual in-
terest, and our purpose and the hope is to
secure a much larger circulation of the
paper, so that its usefulness may be ex-
tended.

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78

A. A. CONSTANTINE'S

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all dandruff, keeps the hair soft and silky, and prevents
it from falling out, and is the best hair restorer in use.

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This soap has already won the praise and esteem
of many of our first families in this city and through-
out the country.

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Church Register.

THE PENOBSCOT VALLEY MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION will meet at Bangor, Union Street, January 22, 1872. The Committee do not think it advisable to publish the usual assignments. Members are requested to present Essays and Exegeses on subjects of their own selection. The religious services to be under the direction of the pastor. The meeting will commence on Monday evening, and continue until Wednesday P. M.

For the Committee, A. CHURCH.

A full attendance is most earnestly desired by the pastor and his people.

DEDICATION.—The new Methodist Episcopal Church, at Patten, Me., will be dedicated on Thursday, Jan. 18, 1872. Sermon by Rev. G. Pratt, Presiding Elder of the District. The Quarterly Meeting has been appointed to commence on the following Saturday. Former pastors of this Church are invited to be present.

J. MORSE.

Patten, Me., Dec. 20, 1871.

BOSTON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.—The undersigned gratefully acknowledge the reception of the following seasonable gifts:

From Miss Mary A. Kimball, of Brookfield, Mass., fourannel undershirts, three pairs of drawers, and three pairs of stockings. Also, from "Friends," Grace Church, Boston, two Christmas turkeys, and fifteen dollars, in aid of self-dependent students.

W. F. WARREN.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Cosmopolitan Association, Lancaster, N. H., Jan. 2-5
Dedication in Bristol, N. H., Jan. 3
Providence District Ministerial Association, at Pawtucket, Jan. 15
Rockland District Ministerial Association, Sheepscot Bridge, Jan. 22
Fall River District Conference, at North Bridgewater, Feb. 5
Norwich District Ministerial Association, Uncasville, Feb.

OATS.—54 @ 20c. bushel.
SHORTS.—\$20.00 @ 20.00 per ton.
FINE FEED.—\$22.00 @ 20.00 per ton.
APPLES.—\$3.00 @ 5.00 per bbl.
SEED.—Timothy, Herd's Grass, \$3.75 @ \$4.50; Red Top, \$3.25 @ 5.50 per sack; R. I. Bent, \$3.00 @ 3.50 per bushel; Clover, 13 1/2 @ 14c. per lb.
PORK.—\$16.50 @ 16c.; Lard, 9 1/2 @ 10c.; Hams 10 1/2c.
BUTTER.—25 @ 34c.
CHEESE.—Factory, 12 1/2 @ 14c.; Dairy, 10 1/2 @ 13c.
EGGS.—32 @ 37 cents per doz.
DRIED APPLES.—\$8 @ 10c. per lb.
HAY.—\$20.00 @ 23.00 per ton, as to quality.
POTATOES.—\$1.75 @ 2.25 per cwt.
SWEET POTATOES.—\$3.00 @ 4.00 per bbl.
BEANS.—Kaiser, \$3.00 @ 3.50; medium, \$2.50 @ 3.00; common, \$1.50 @ 2.00.
LEMONS.—\$4.00 @ 5.00 per box.
ONIONS.—\$2.50 @ 3.00 per barrel.
CABBOTS.—\$1.50 @ 2.00 per bbl.
TURNIPS.—\$1.75 @ 2.25 per hundred.
CABBAGE.—\$2.00 @ 2.50 per hundred.
MARBOW SQUASHES.—\$2.50; Hubbard, 2 1/2 @ cwt.
CRANBERRIES.—\$10.00 @ 12.00 per bbl.
POULTRY.—15 @ 20 cents @ lb.
REMARKS.—A moderate demand. Prices unchanged. Corn is quiet, and lower than a week ago. 50 cents off on Pork. Hams 1/2 cent @ lb. lower. Squashes at unchanged prices. Vegetables quiet. Cranberries rule at last quotations.

"IT SAVED MY LIFE."

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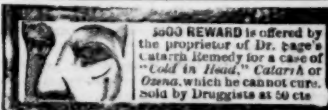
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"Magic in the web of it:

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world
The sum to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work."

but we doubt very much if that famed kerchief was of any comparison to those of lace to be found here which for delicacy of workmanship and elegance of design will certainly be admired and coveted by any lady who examines them. Here, too, in this department will be found ladies' neckties, and children's neckties, scarfs, etc., in magnificent display, and including many new designs, and which were added to the stock with reference to their special fitness for holiday gifts—in price these articles range from 25 cents to \$1.50 each. In the Hat and Bonnet Department there is a stock that is well worthy of attention, for here we find all the very latest and choicest styles of hats and bonnets for ladies, misses, and children, of French and American make. Hats in velvet, plush, and felt; the latest novelties in boys and children's hats, at all prices; French hats and bonnet frames; Paris fashions, alpacas, pommers, hair ornaments, jets, garniture for bridal, ball, and party dresses, of elaborate as well as of quiet and classic designs; elegant long wreaths, orange blossoms, black flowers, black and white flowers, etc. See cash ribbons, sashes, trimming ribbons, white ribbons, Roman ribbons, two-toned ribbons, shaded ribbons, and so on. They are of all prices, and of course will suit the means of all classes of purchasers.

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do not think we overstep the mark when we say that this is the finest assortment in the city. Here, in our wandering through the store, we fall upon some useful and very necessary articles for all those who desire to keep comfortable at this season, such as knit worsted jackets, gaiters, leggings, mittens, wristers, clouds, scarfs, and mufflers. We never saw such a magnificent lot of clouds, and the prices, we were about to say, are ridiculously low, but then after all, 'tis the aim of every purchaser to procure their goods at the lowest rates, in short to get them as bargains. The assortment of felt skirts and Russian gored underskirts, and kindred articles cannot be excelled, either for style, price, or quality. In Housekeeping and Linen Goods there are full and complete lines, and rich indeed is the stock in elegant Marcelline quilts, English toilet quilts, table napkins and damasks, Turkey red damasks and damask towels. At the present time this line of goods is being cleared out at extremely low prices, to make room for fresh importations. And here we have a lot of neckties, such as ladies' neckties, boys' belts, shawl and bundle-straps, and so on, all of the newest patterns. But why go further into the minutia of this large and varied stock of goods? Let us close by assuring our readers and those most interested, that by far the largest part of the goods enumerated are made expressly for this house in France, Germany, Great Britain, and Switzerland, and the great amount of business transacted here invariably insures to purchasers the latest, the freshest, and the choicest goods, at the lowest possible prices. — Boston Evening Traveller.

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